

VOGUE

FEBRUARY 15

More-taste-
than-
money
issue



the red shoe ... Running excitement: the red shoe ... Running excitement: the red shoe ...

Fashions in Living: The Young Successes

60 CENTS



Red First... in Town & Country Shoes:

GREAT PAINT-THE-TOWN CALF, A NEW T & C FASHION FOR THE MOST MARVELOUS RED-SHOE-REDS OF SPRING. ALL ON THE SLIM ILLUSION HEEL THAT LOOKS HIGH, BUT ISN'T. THE T-STRAP, FLAPPER: THE SCROLL-PIN PUMP, PATIO: THE DRAPED PUMP, HORIZON: THE BAG, SINGLETON. SHOES **8.95** TO **12.95** THE PAIR. BAGS, **5.00** TO **10.95** PLUS TAX. FOR NAME OF STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE TOWN & COUNTRY SHOES, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

America's Best Fashion Shoe Value



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new suit in town.

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Suit in misses' sizes, 225.00

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VOGUE

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There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

FEBRUARY 15, 1958

COVER

Starting here, and running all through this issue—excitement about red-shoe red. Here, shoes of red glacé lizard with one triangular strap and buckle. Look—with a magnifying glass—and you'll see that the stockings they're worn with have a new and delicate tint of coral. Shoes of Fleming-Joffe lizard, about \$40; at I. Miller; also Hutzler's. Stockings by Belle-Sharmeer, at Lord & Taylor. Both, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's. Bright nail glacé: Lautrec Orange, by Juliette Marglen.



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WE LAUNCH THE CLIPPED-JACKET COSTUME IN MAXWELL'S LINEN-WEAVE SILK, 145⁰⁰



HAT BY TATIANA

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WE LAUNCH THE WATTEAU SILHOUETTE, ORGANZA ON ONANDAGA PEAU DE SOIE, 145 2



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THAT AYRES LOOK

AT HOME AND AWAY—In Indianapolis she descends the stair at the club in a dress and jacket costume by Christian Dior. In Manhattan where she knows a friend of a friend of Frederic Franklin of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, she gets in on a rehearsal at the Seven Arts Center. Her suit most unstagey but striking is by Irene of California, her hat by John Frederics. The store devoted to this polished look in fashion, this manner of dressing that has no limitations on time or place, is L. S. Ayres & Company of Indianapolis.







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Hair style by Charles of Elizabeth Arden Salon, New York; lipstick, Elizabeth Arden's new color, Pink Violet.

Elizabeth Arden

Leather

the most beautiful way to see...





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THE HUE IS THE CRY!

sheer madness not to let your legs share your colorful costumes... sheer delight when you choose Cameo's new stocking tints. Left to right: Sunburst, Flamingo, and Blue Cloud, a sampling from Cameo's collection of costume-coordinated colors. \$1.35 to \$1.65 a pair. Full-fashioned and seamless—stretch, too.

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cameo
stockings



THE FASHION TEMPO U.S.A.
heralds the Jalousie,
light and airy pump
of butter-soft calf
in Red Shoe Red
by PANDORA

WOODWARD & LOTHRUP
IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON

Red
Stockings
for the Red Shoe.....

Vital
link
in the
Leggy
Look.....

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blazing red tint, and
“Moon Mad,” a subtle red tint
... with Belle-Sharmer's exclusive Leg-Size
perfection of fit—at fine stores
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Red
Shoe
Red"
Shoes.....



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*TRADE MARK

RED SHOE RED

BAGS BY JOSEF



1



2



3







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Red, Red as the Rose

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out of the
box —**

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a design
concept
so fresh—
so revolutionary—
any way
you look at it—
the shape of
sandals
to come.*



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Jacqueline



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*To gleam . . . closed calf with taper toe and heel. Each **12.95** Other styles from 10.95*

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI • A Division of Brown Shoe Company

FEBRUARY 15, 1958

21



RAGE
FOR RED—
AND
THE NEW
'WATCHBAND
STRAP'
BUCKLED
LOW
ON THE
INSTEP

... ABOUT \$20 AT THE STORES EVERY

where and

andrew geller
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Real Red Red

The new go-with-everything red in a go-with-anything pump to spark your spring jerseys and costume suits... and give you that Life Stride Look of polished perfection. In a glossy aniline calf with a butterfly bow that starts out formal... ends up flippant! Elegant high heel. Shoe illustrated, 10.95. Other styles 6.95 to 11.95. Higher Denver West.

life stride®
the young point of view in shoes



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there is a
right
stocking color
for all
red shoes...

Mary Grey's
TOPAZ

... a perfect
red shoe hue!

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...VERY
NEW YORK



The tradition of fine New York shoemaking, the height of modern chic. Shown here on a marvelous new tapered last, **The Empire**, in fashion's red-shoe-red calf. From a collection, 20.00 to 30.00 the pair. Matching handbag done in the same fine Palizzio tradition, about 30.00 plus tax.



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in sight... Vitality's exciting new reds!

Your favorite style, leather and heel height in
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famous for fashion and fit



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Necklace \$20., bracelet \$10., earrings \$6., Pin \$7.50. Earring on model \$7.50. Prices plus tax. Copyright Monet Jewelers, 6 West 32nd St., New York Revillon Fur Herbert Loebel

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Wear costume-toned Van Raalte

You're the girl who'll be wild over Van Raalte's put-a-rainbow-to-shame range of stocking colors! Why? Because they're essential to that one-color look of your big Spring costume. Scintillating, when they take a hint from the boldest color in a print. Piquant, when accessorizing your accessories—that

Wear it...from hat to toe!



Nines – seamless and full-fashioned

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Van Raalte

Because you love nice things



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SEES RED

—as the fashion color for spring

most styles \$16⁹⁵ to \$18⁹⁵

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

*Black
Patent
Leather*

*more fascinating than
ever this Spring with
so much red to accent...
and so much beauty in
SETON black patent.*



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for
the
little
French



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Bon *By hand*

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And always in the picture, the vibrant red of
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sweep of smooth Chinese Lacquer calf. 12.95

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Fashion as sketched
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patent adds sparkle
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begins with

"VIVA!"

FROM THE

Formfit

DESIGNER'S
COLLECTION

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FEBRUARY 15, 1958



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spring's head-to-toe look calls for nylons with just a hint of a tint

Fashion decrees the head-to-toe look . . . and overnight, your nylons are your most necessary accessory, the beautiful link to this beautiful look. To make it perfect, there's a soft echo in nylons for every costume color. This spring, discover the tints and their flattering, leg-slimming ways. Discover, too, that they come in different sheers for different times of day. And do remember—the right hose with the right clothes make *all* the fashionable difference.



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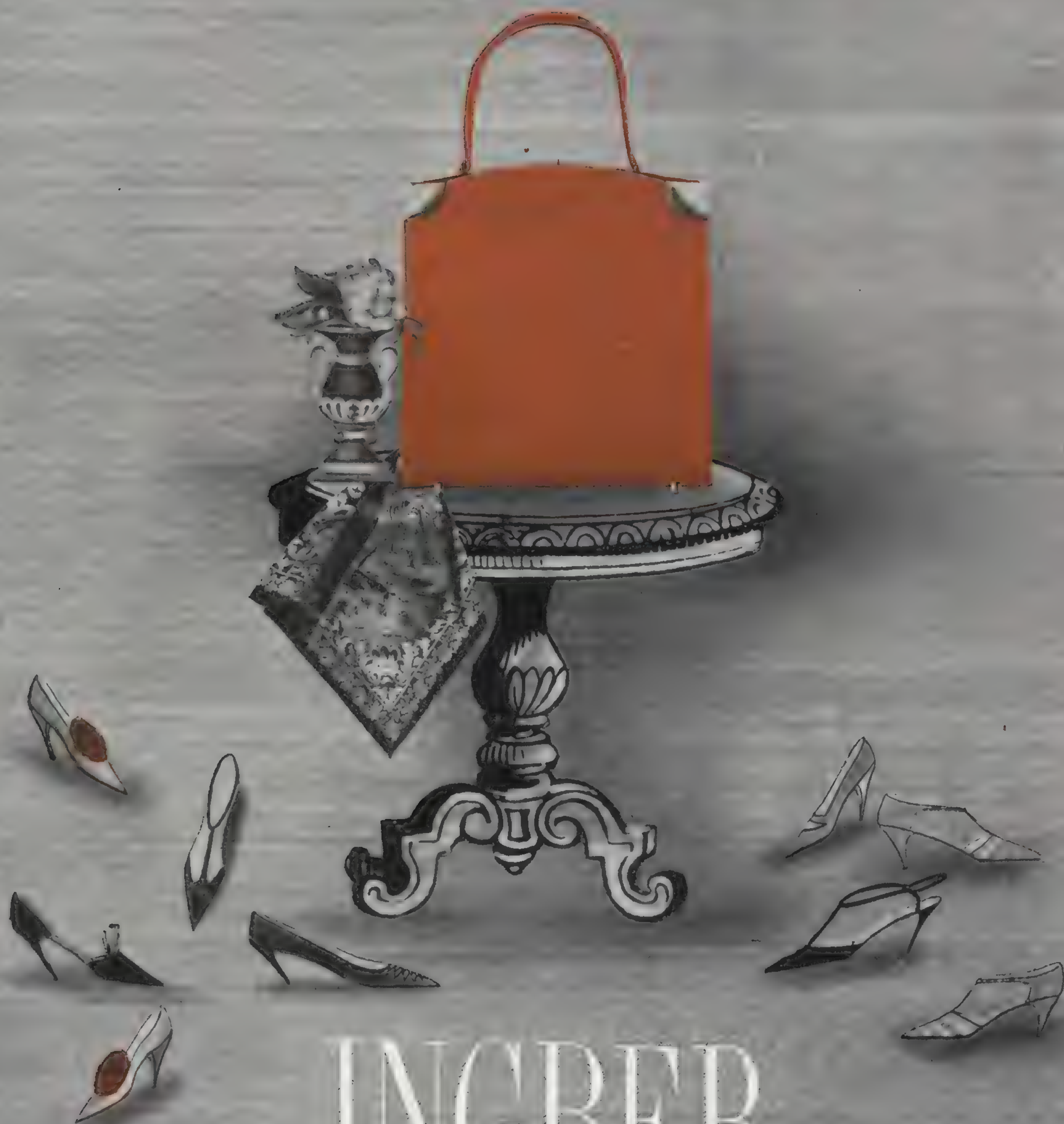
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 so agile it
 touches its toe to its
 instep with a
 finger-tip flick!
Red Shoe Red
 calf wears a brass disc,
 unbreakable heel, \$12.98
Red Shoe hose at
 Chandler's, too.





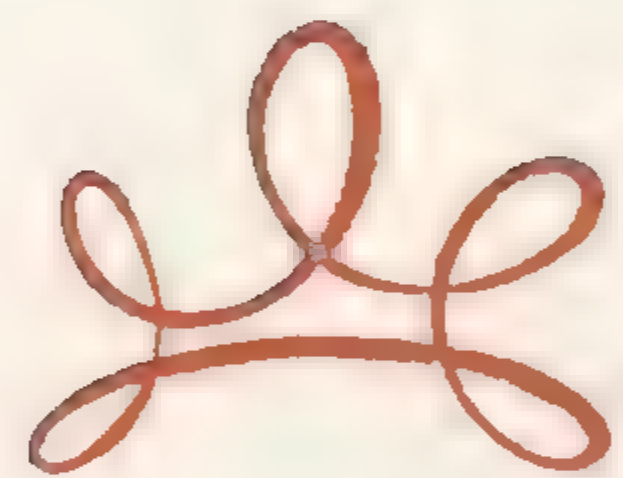
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the best thing on your arm

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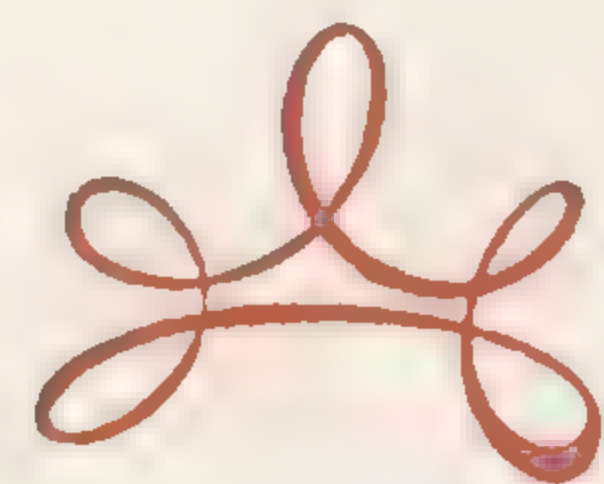
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On country roads, city sidewalks, the cobblestones
of Europe. These fine calfskins, colored for Spring 1958,
are at home everywhere with your fringed tweed suit,
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BY MARSHALL, MEADOWS & STEWART

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to highlight
certain significant
silhouettes...
and to the point

for

Carefully moulded
over new, slim,
superior fitting lasts
... sewn in
needle & thread
quality—for
finer shoemaking



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FOLDS—softly folded and delicately piped

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Tweedie Footwear Corporation • Jefferson City, Missouri

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red shoe RED

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at your toes, a flicker of color that catches all eyes
irresistibly. Red Shoe Red...the perfect
color to play up anything from beige to black
(with blue or gray, sensational). Used
with Fortunet's genius for dramatizing
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to \$12.95, most styles.

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GAY

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Fortunet Shoe Company Division General Shoe Corporation Nashville 3, Tennessee



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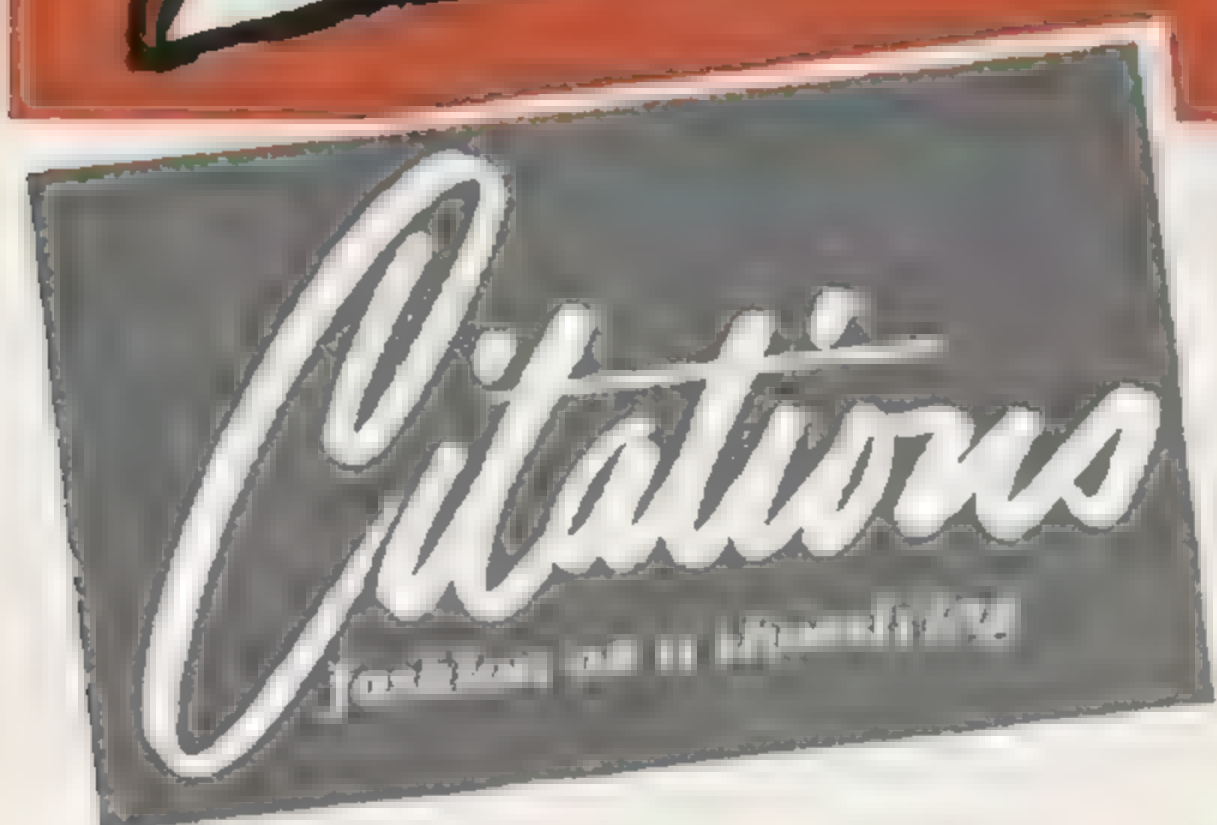
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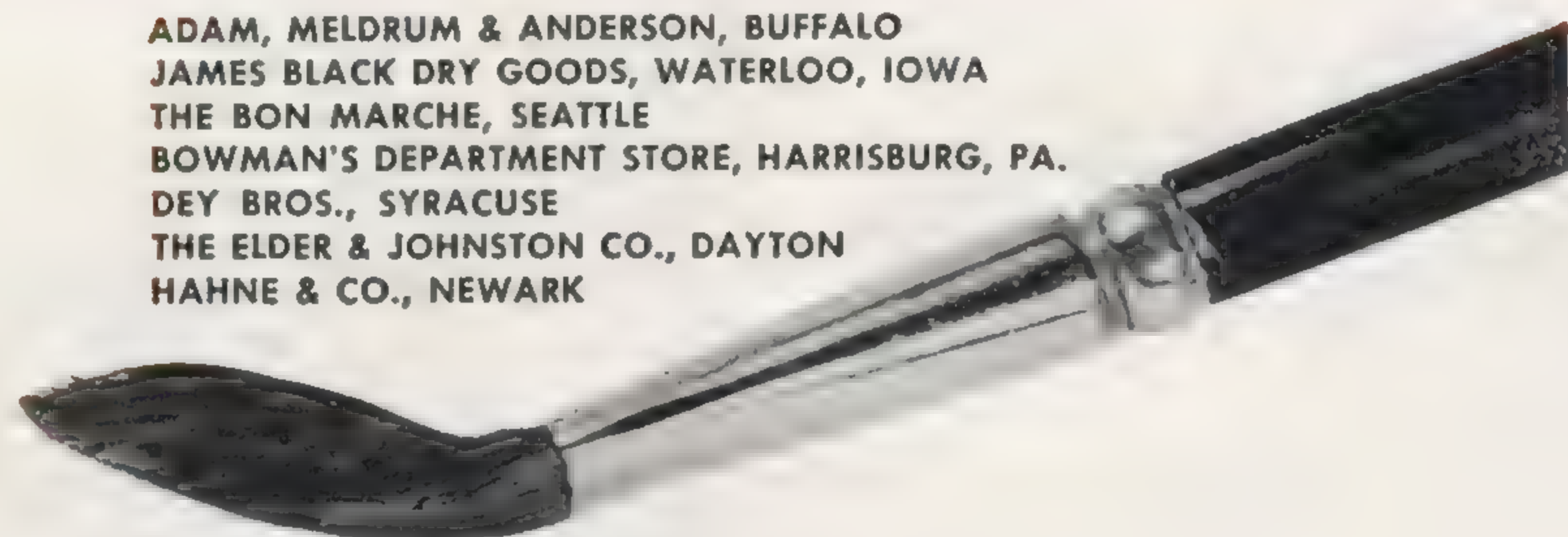
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Going to Newcastle?

Better carry coals.

BY E. J. KAHN, JR.

Travelling to France is so widely considered a great gastronomic adventure that the reminiscences of many homecoming Americans tend to resemble a stomach pump. This attitude isn't indefensible, though. Indeed, it is often defensive, inasmuch as the first question asked of the returnee from France by at least one out of every four stay-at-homes he encounters is, "Tell me, how were the snails?" Even before my wife and I, this past summer, took our three sons—aged ten, eight, and five—to France, I felt smugly confident about how the boys would answer *that* one. In a little farewell speech I planned to deliver at our shipboard *bon voyage* party, in fact, I had it in mind to say that while I was looking forward to our sons enjoying a good many novel experiences abroad, these

could hardly be expected to include the sampling of *escargots*, since the boys had long before come to garlicky grips with them.

I never did get to make my speech, owing in large part to the lack of an audience. The fact that only a handful of people turned up to see us off was disappointing in another respect, too. Our travel agent had gravely warned me that if we proposed to have an—ah—reception in our stateroom before embarking, on the "Flandre," I should know that it was not the ship's practice to sell—ah—beverages to passengers before casting off. I prudently sent myself a gift-wrapped case of champagne. Alas, we left on a blisteringly hot Saturday forenoon, when nearly all our friends were, sensibly enough, swimming in the Atlantic, or at any rate not hanging around A Deck of the "Flandre." One of

the few exceptions was a convivial joker who brought us a can of snails. "In case they run out over there," he said, cackling hilariously. I accepted them as graciously as I could and stuffed them deep into one of our suitcases.

Another well-wisher was a lady who had stayed in town because she had to go on to a wedding reception. Realizing that our pitifully small crew of celebrants would never make much of a dent in my case of champagne, I urged her to take a couple of bottles along with her. "I'd probably get in Dutch with the Customs," she said, "and anyway, that would be like carrying coals to Newcastle, wouldn't it?" We still had nine bottles when we sailed. My wife and I gamely polished off most of them, although, as we watched our fellow passengers lapping up good French champagne that they had bought on board, both before and after embarkation, for a fraction of what our domestic stuff had set us back, we felt as if we were carrying offshore oil to Louisiana. We finally unloaded the last few bottles on a pair of college boys who were on a tight budget.

My sons first met up with snails at Cape Cod, where we

normally spend the summer. All three boys have an affinity for shellfish. Terry, the oldest, has been wolfing raw oysters since he was three, and at four damn near had a tantrum when his mother and I said two dozen were enough at one clip. Tony, the youngest, has the same reaction to fresh clams as a pre-breakfast snack that many children have to cookies. Our middle son, Joey, the eight-year-old, is the snail boy. His initiation occurred two years ago, when he and I went out onto a Truro beach to gather mussels, so the kids could have *moules marinière* for supper. On the rocks where the mussels were clinging, we also found some sea snails. We carted them home, too, and threw them into the mussel pot. Joey and his brothers pronounced the snails delicious, to the consternation of a visiting inland aunt, who watched the boys eat them with the same restrained revulsion that some relatives have toward nephews with bad table manners. Joey became so fond of snails that I was able to argue him out of a preference for going to camp, rather than Europe, merely by informing him that in France, as all adults knew and he would

(Continued on page 60)



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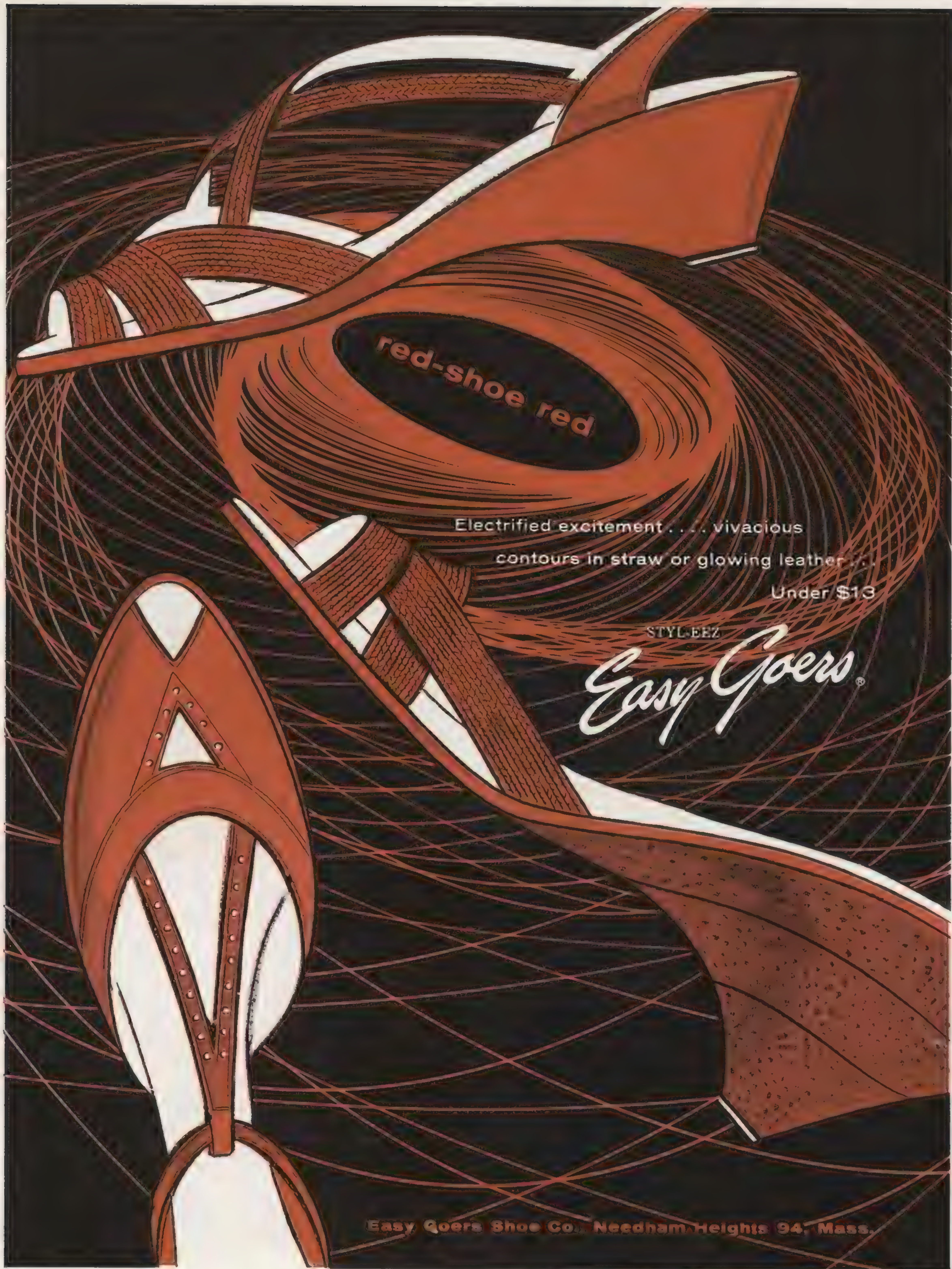


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GOING TO NEWCASTLE

(Continued from page 56)

soon perceive, *escargots* were practically the staff of life. I promised him that before he got back home he would have snails galore, and *au beurre noir*, too.

I do not wish to pretend that my children can, or will, eat anything. Our five-year-old, for instance, had a mild stomach upset in the Loire Valley, from eating steak—although it was, to be sure, a *tournedos flambé* that his older brothers had ordered for him and that had apparently been not only doused with but suckled on cognac. Joey, for his part, does not much like omelettes. His mother and I were saddened when, at Mère Poulard's celebrated *auberge* on Mont-Saint-Michel, he spurned one of the omelettes that have made the island almost as memorable to tourists as the abbey itself. Instead, he had *fruits de mer assortis*, a seafood pot-pourri that was served on a platter the size of a tray. It comprised nearly every kind of shellfish I had ever heard of, and a few unidentifiable new acquaintances. Joey gobbled them all down with gusto, including one *fruit de mer* that was so fresh it was still crawling. He complained only that his

molluscoid compote was not sufficiently comprehensive, since it included no snails. I tried to explain that the French eat mostly land snails, and that we were at that moment out at sea, but he was not appeased. "You promised me snails," he said, pouting. "You never keep your promise."

At that, he had a right to be sore. We had previously spent a week in Paris, and every time we took the children to a restaurant and asked for *escargots*, we'd been told either that they weren't on the menu or that the supply had run out. I was beginning to wonder if the French had allocated most of their snails to the export trade, the way the Scottish do with their native whisky. I suppose that if I had made some all-out effort in Paris—like, say, taking the kids to the restaurant called L'Escargot—we'd surely have found snails, but I kept reminding myself that we had plenty of time ahead of us and that there was no need to get panicky. En route between Mont-Saint-Michel and the Basque country, though, and in the Pays Basque itself, we just never did seem to be able to catch

up with a snail, although the children had no trouble ferreting out such obscure delicacies as banana splits and bubble gum.

Until a few days before we had to leave France, it was the same frustrating story: *pas d'escargots*. Then, one night, the boys and I were playing miniature golf at St.-Jean-de-Luz when a long and neatly aimed putt of Terry's was deflected, as it headed toward the cup, by some bumps on the remote, dim-lit playing surface. When we got close, we saw what the bumps were. Snails! I knew we were getting warm. I was tempted to pluck the snails right off their perch—especially since I still had to putt out myself—but I held myself in check. The next day, I escorted the children to a café abutting the golf course, and ordered *escargots* for *tout le monde*. To my delight, the waiter nodded. After a while—it was almost as if he'd had to go outside and buy some snails—he served us. We all fell to eagerly—except Joey, who toyed with his food for a while and then pushed it aside. For a moment, I was horrified. Could it be that, after all, he disliked the rubbery creatures? Was some subconscious father hostility involved? Then it occurred to me that he must be sick. When I sug-

gested this, Joey denied it, saying, as children will, that he was simply not hungry. An hour later, in gratifying substantiation of my diagnosis, he had a temperature of a hundred and three.

That was the nearest Joey came to eating *escargots* in France, as he reminded me grumpily not long afterward, while we were standing on a pier in New York waiting for our baggage to be inspected. "You're always breaking promises," he said. A Customs officer began poking through our suitcases, and as he peered into the bottom of one bulging bag, my eye was arrested by the glint of metal. It was the can of snails we'd been given on the "Flandre," and had quickly forgotten. When the Customs man had moved on to the next bag, I fished the can from its hiding place, and opened it with Terry's scout knife. Then and there, Joey finally had his fill of snails. He was stowing away the last one when a friend rushed up to welcome us back. "Tell me," he yelled as he approached us, "how were the snails?"

"Just as good as Daddy promised," replied Joey, licking his lips.

I felt that the trip had been a success after all.



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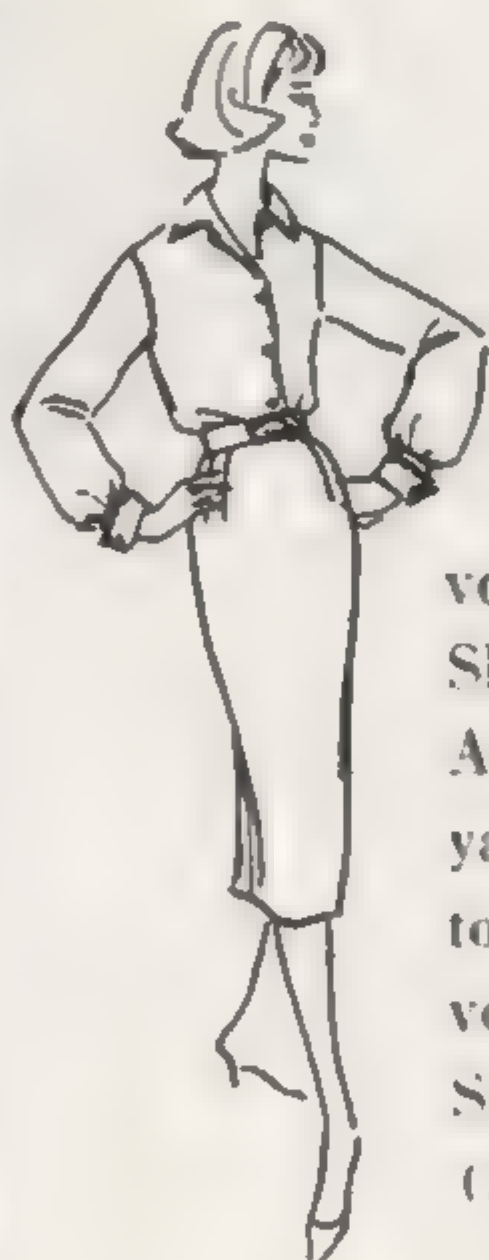
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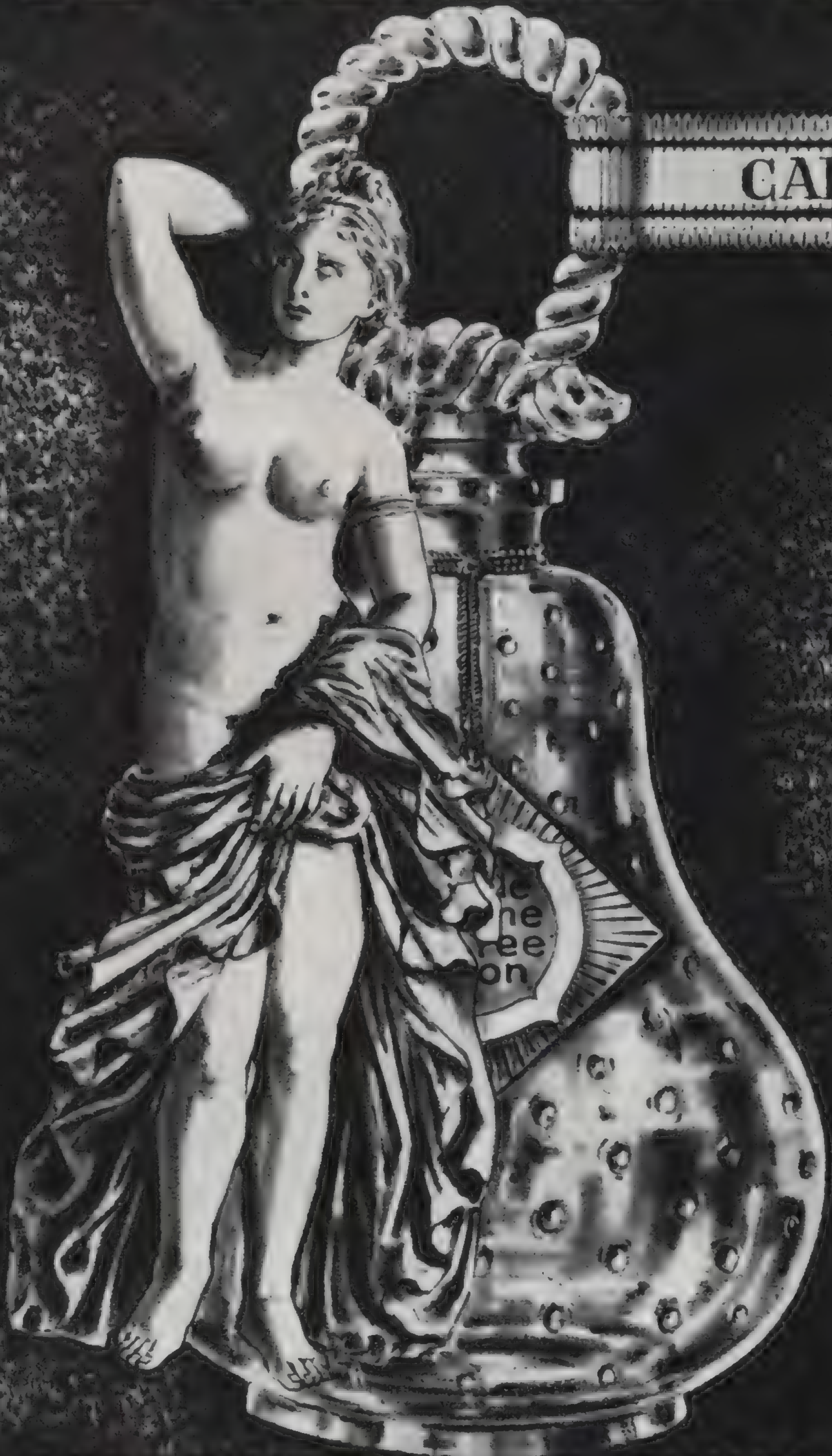
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gravity



GUY BOURDIN

In this issue of Vogue alone, 32 pairs of leggier legs confirm it: there's a new and delightful centre of gravity in fashion. Point: if you don't have a handsome pair of legs, get them. And there are WAYS. Where legs are the *tendo Achillis* of a woman's figure, exercising works: a rundown of leg-shaping routines, page 36. Re thighs, the new girdles have a nice Disposall technique. All this fuss over legs isn't manufactured fuss: easy-going clothes are limbering up the figure . . . not a new idea, really; as the pram type, above, would (except for the language barrier) be only too happy to tell.



New legginess, new fashion excitement—based on

More

Whatever it is that makes fashion tick—it's not for sale. Learnable, certainly. And some women seem to have been born with a knack for it. But the coin hasn't been minted that could be exchanged for smartness, chic . . . taste. Which should come as a surprise to absolutely no one: anybody *not* know a woman with an unlimited clothes budget and not a ripple of excitement in her closet? Naturally we're not suggesting that pots of money aren't a pleasant shopping-edge. What we do say—have been saying for years—is: a woman can look dreary or exciting on practically anything at all per annum. And the woman who does look terrific is not a phenomenon. We'd call her a fashion success.

taste

Easiest-to-guess fact about the woman who's a fashion success: she's adventurous. Not rash—her success is built, in part, on some rather uncompromising sessions before a full-length mirror. But what she has, along with self-awareness, is a certain amount of derring-do—the impulse to give a dashing new look a fling, even when it may not fall within her precise fashion-framework. She probably owned some form of chemiserie long before it landed in the Paris limelight; *will* own several new forms before summer's out. (If hers is only a moderately chemiseable figure, one good chemise-form might be the demi-chemise—straight put-over, straighter skirt.) She'll collect, this spring, as always, as many jacket-and-skirt combinations as the traffic will bear—she discovered ages ago that one secret of a seemingly inexhaustible wardrobe is dressing by separates. She'll put blousing into her wardrobe on a grand scale (a relatively simple thing to do, as it happens—many of the prettiest bloused-top lines are buyable for well under \$50).

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On her fashion-success list now: shorter skirts. Shorter by. . . ? Well, if her legs are fairly sensational, she won't hesitate at two inches. In any case, she'll show more leg, even a fraction more, because the best new fashions are based on it. She'll try colour—possibly the most bravura colour she's ever worn. And because she knows that powerhouse colours could end up wearing the wearer, some of her smartest fashion-dollars will be spent on a new make-up. With the new shorter skirt-line, she'll try—for balance and becomingness—at least two strands of chemise-beads: 30" or so of fake pearls, or glitter, or coloured stones, sometimes on one dazzling string. For the same reason, she'll experiment with one of the new firecracker-pouf coiffures—and find that it's almost like wearing *joie de vivre*.



\$ 3 0 give or take a few dollars either way, to stretch over 365 days—and late-days. Cocoa silk and black dots bloused to the waist, slim after that (but not long after—this look stands on two beautiful legs). By Suzy Perette. Betmar straw Breton. Russeks; Dayton's; Famous-Barr. Hansen gloves. Shoes by Confettis

More taste than money

\$

\$40, more or less, is the purchasing power behind the news in separable blousing at left (the idea it generates: a leggier look that looks terrific at the end of this line). Two parts navy-blue crêpe—skirt part suspended straight from a camisole—and a dab of white piqué. Dress, and hat by Madcaps, at Bonwit Teller. The dress alone, also at Julius Garlinckel; Frederick & Nelson.

\$45 or thereabouts is the junior-size figure on the dress at right—cut for a woman with similar proportions (and good legs). Beige and black silk bloused over a string bow—and no other strings attached: this dress starts chalking up fashion mileage as of February 15. By Lanz. This, the Betmar hat, Hansen gloves: Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus. The opera pumps on both pages by Confettis.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI





More taste than money

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\$30 or so, opposite, in leaf-green quarters—and morning-glory blue. To spend: late-day now, but as the days get longer—so do the wearing possibilities. (Fashion advice with this much dazzle: a sparing hand with glitter, free hand with eye shadow, zingier lipstick.) Dan Keller dress, in Couture silk. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Dubonnet Blonde hair: Helene Curtis rinse.

\$55 delivers some of the smartest suit-news this year: above, bloused jacket, pleated skirt. Grey Dacron-and-worsted—a Stevens fabric that can keep any suit-operation running smoothly between seasons, continents, pressing appointments. Madcaps hat. Both: Lord & Taylor. Dress, also: L. S. Ayres. Black calf-skin opera pumps by Delmanette.

\$30: that's approximately the cost of little-black-dress priceless-ness this spring (and summer—the dress below is of cotton-and-Orlon). By Abe Schrader in Fabrex fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres.

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More taste than money



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\$50 is more than you'll need to wrap up both units at left. The put-over top is about \$25; the skirt, about \$23. Even more basic requirement—and it holds for every chemise-and-skirt situation here—a young, slim, slim-hipped figure. And for the woman with same, the fashion returns per dollar can be enchanting. Costume, by Sloat, in a deep beige-and-white checked worsted. At Bonwit Teller. T-strap sandals, by Nick Parker.

\$40 worth of checks, above—jade-green and turquoise—and each part negotiable on its own. Chemise put-over, about \$18; slender, pleated skirt, about \$19. Both, by Custom Craft, in a blend of wool and cotton. Betmar puffed white beret. This, the costume: Gunther Jaeckel. Costume, also: Montaldo's. Hansen gloves.



\$25 can still go this far, this smartly: two-piece dress, above, left, in microscopic black and white checks. By Madeleine Fauth in junior sizes (Milliken Dacron-and-rayon fabric). At Bendel's Young-Timer's; Sakowitz. Patent leather shoes by Delmanette.

\$46—and a modest reserve of free-lance skirts and tops—will keep this amount of fashion operating indefinitely. Top right, red-white-and-navy-blue stripes over blue pleats. By Goldworm, in knitted wool. Madcaps hat. Peck & Peck. Costume, also: Joseph Magnin. Pappagallo shoes; Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.

\$45 for navy-blue and white touches, right. Skirt and middied put-over of grainy silk (by Maxwell). By Parade. At Altman's; The Broadway. Opera pumps, by Florsheim.



More taste than money

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LEOMBRUNO-BODI



\$25 in navy-blue—plus polka dots: a non-budget-breaking way to arrive at one of the freshest looks of any spring. At left, sleeved and jacketed dress, by Nelly Don in rayon-and-silk (by Fabrex). Madcaps beret—navy-blue-and-white silk tilted sideways over the non-jewelled neckline (polka dots tend to be jewels in themselves worn this way). Dress, hat: Stern's. The dress alone, also at Hudson's; Dayton's. Dalsan shoes.

\$20 and the first of its kind—a dress of Du Pont Dacron and rayon that not only washes and dries without ironing, but more than that: the sewing threads, binding tapes, and all the little extras known as "findings" which go to make a dress fit well and hang well—all these have been chosen to make the dress as washing-machine-proof as blue-jeans. By Jeanne d'Arc, junior sizes. Betmar hat. Marvella pin. All: Lord & Taylor. Dress, also: Marshall Field; Wm. H. Block. Hansen gloves: Delmanette shoes.

More taste than money



\$55 about sums up the works, above left: rose-and-white silk blazer, \$23; navy-blue silk shantung shirt, \$12; pleated blue silk shantung skirt, \$20—all parts as subject to change as a do-si-do. By Sacony. Back-of-the-head straw beret, by Madcaps. This and the costume, at Altman's. Costume alone, also at Goldwaters. Calfskin opera pumps, by Julianelli.

\$90 for the backbone of a through-summer wardrobe, above right: black Dacron-and-worsted sheath; pleated pongee-coloured pongee jacket with a red silk crêpe lining—and too many outside fashion commitments to list here. By Donald Brooks. At Lord & Taylor; J. W. Robinson. Florsheim shoes.



\$65 finances the sheer navy-blue worsted sheath at right, and a blue-and-white worsted blazer that might draw the line at ski-pants or ball dresses—but few stops between. By Abe Schrader. Madcaps Breton. Marvella earrings. All; Bendel's Young-Timers. Costume, also: Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Grained calfskin shoes, Hill and Dale; Lord & Taylor.





More taste than money

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\$23 magnified to super-check dimensions, far left, Red-white-and-blue silk strung together over a fairly low waistline, and as short a hemline as can be managed prettily. Dress, by Sportwhirl. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. Air Step shoes.

\$80 covers almost everything at top, near left. Which includes—besides the black-and-white checked worsted suit and the rayon crêpe blouse shown here—a separate box-pleated skirt in black wool serge. Junior sizes. Altman's. The Newton Elkin shoes; Lord & Taylor.

\$58 combination of red, white, and blue, near left below. Checked silk blouse (\$15) contained in navy-blue wool flannel. The jacket, \$23; skirt, \$20. By Sportwhirl. Bloomingdale's. Newton Elkin shoes.

\$55 allotment of checks, opposite—and a textbook on more-taste-than. Black-and-white tweed coat to work with everything mentioned thus far. By Handmacher, of Strong-Hewat wool-and-silk. Bendel's Young-Timers; L. S. Ayres; Frederick & Nelson. Shoes by Newton Elkin, at Lord & Taylor.

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More taste than money



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\$40 can give you this: the kind of boundless suit-energy that's the making of many a more imposing price tag. This, above, in blond wool tweed — and a cut that couldn't be date-lined anywhere in the world. By Glenhaven. Betmar hat. Both, at Altman's. Suit, also: Woodward & Lothrop; The Broadway. Gloves by Superb. Dalsan shoes.

\$25 to amortize, inter-hourly, over four seasons. Black-and-white jacket and non-sleeved dress in silk-and-cotton tweed; by R & K. Madcaps tweed Breton. Both, at Altman's. Costume, also: Woodward & Lothrop; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Josef handbag, at Jay Thorpe. Gloves, by Hansen.

LEON BRUNO BODI



\$

No platitudes here. It's a matter of fact—cool and uncompromising—that any woman can improve, to an astonishing degree, the looks of her legs. Unless she's born with slender, shapely gams, she must, unfortunately, make up her mind to working at them, and then follow through. It's the follow-through, naturally, that's vexing. This, however, is where we propose to hold out great and glittering hope mined in the course of Vogue's new research on the leg situation: two to three months of serious leggery (exercise, massage, mechanical exercise) can trim down a pair of even fairly disastrous legs. Here, for instance, are the figures on legs recently reclaimed by one of the famous New York salons: thigh, four inches off; calf, two inches; ankle, three-quarters of an inch. The result: legs taped close to the measurements of a fashion model.

The starting point for any leg-slimming plan is exercise. On this point, medical authorities and the beauty brains are in close agreement. Exercise alone will do seventy-five to one hundred per cent of the job, and is unquestionably the simplest sure maintenance program for an accomplished loss and for that special leg asset, tone. How, then, does massage come into the question? Two ways: it speeds the slimming process, giving one the encouragement that goes with quick results; and it can be directed to special areas, such as the ankles. As one chatelaine of the exercise mats explained, prodding her ankle vigorously, "A good masseuse can really get in there and pare an ankle down to the bone—which, with structurally thick ankles, is what you want."

Mechanical exercise, in which a machine works and you do not, has some of the virtues of massage and costs less. At Elizabeth Arden's, for example, a woman with overly ample thighs can stand in the mild embrace of a machine called the Roller (a double series of wooden rollers rotated mechanically against the legs)

How to have very good legs

which systematically, and by no means unpleasantly, beats away the fatty bulges. Another machine, the Shake-A-Way, is a motorized table with sectional action. On this you lie down, comfortably flat; for leg cases, only the lower half of the table is activated, and as it pats snappily away at the bulges, a small hand vibrator is applied to particularly obnoxious spots.

Usually, a leg case involves some general weight reduction; even five to ten pounds more than one's "good" weight can have a discouraging way of settling about lazy leg muscles. A moderate high-protein diet will trim this off quite speedily, and should be supplemented by exercise, active or passive. The Stauffer System, one of the possible sources of such help, uses mechanized tables to step up circulation, correct posture, et cetera, *and* a special leg machine. The subject occupies this lying down, feet up, each one clamped in a sort of shoe. When the switch is thrown, her legs rotate smoothly in a semi-dance pattern and, if she rides this religiously three times or so a week, they acquire a leaner, more dazzling shape.

The point of combining massage and/or mechanical exercise with do-it-yourself exercise means, of course, a gain in speed and accuracy. Some cautionary words are in order here. There is a satisfactory version of leg exercise for every woman alive, but for women with varicose veins, massage is definitely unwise—there's a slight risk of blood-clotting; and some forms of mechanical exercise are equally unwise. As in all reducing matters, a routine check with one's physician is highly recommended. There is a distinct difference between "marbling"—blue streaks caused by flimsy tissue structure—and varicose veins. Marbling, though not precisely alluring, has no adverse medical connotations. Varicose veins do, but can be corrected by minor surgery involving a single night in the hospital, no special rest thereafter, (*Continued on page 143*)

Running excitement: red-shoe red

Starting here, five pages about the shoe idea of the season—the bright red shoe, to be worn with an equally-red costume, or as a fresh accent with tobacco brown, hyacinth blue, navy blue. The beauty of this year's red shoes: their exciting shades, shapes, substances; their calculated flattery; their way of spotlighting the new leggy look. One brilliant example, opposite, filled Dali-esquely with a face—an opera pump in red-shoe red cotton, patterned in woven checks. By Andrew Geller; \$23. Also at Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. The lipstick—a zingy colour to play against red-shoe red: Pink Pink by Elizabeth Arden.

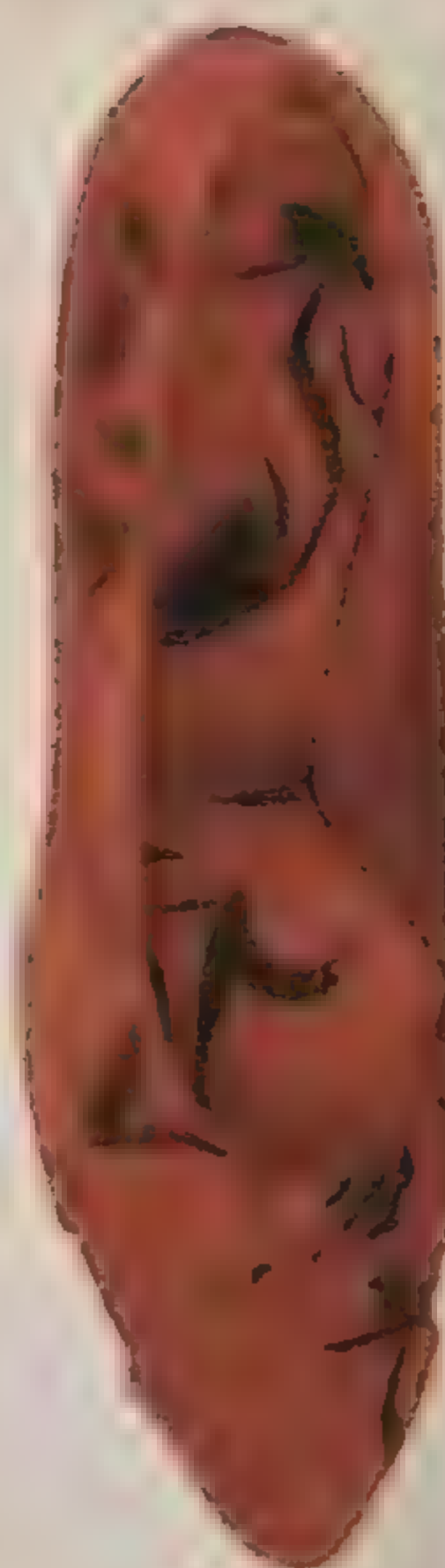
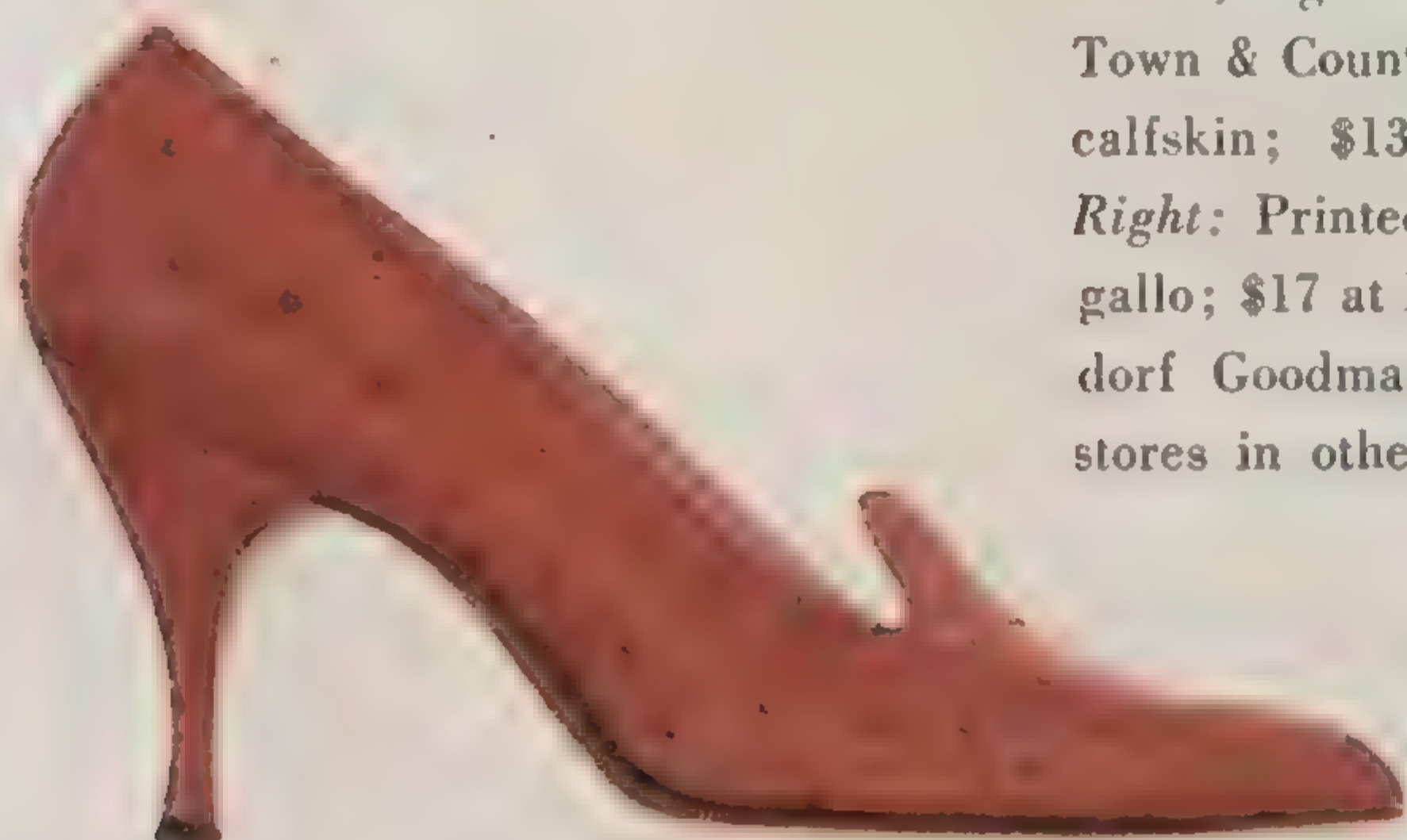




Running excitement:
red-shoe red, with red



Red spectator shoe edged in black. On its toe, a red wool doeskin flannel suit. Shoe by Valley, of Hubschman calfskin. Seton patent leather; \$20. Suit, of Stevens flannel, in junior sizes; \$55. Betmar beret. All at Best's. Shoe, also at Famous-Barr. Lipstick: Helena Rubinstein's Crackerjack. Left, on foot: T-strap sandal of red calfskin by Martinique; \$25 at Bloomingdale's. Stocking with red tone, Mary Grey: Bergdorf Goodman. Below, left: Peak-shaped red ostrich shoe by Evins; \$75. To order at I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Below: Lizard shoe, leather heel, by Delman; \$50 at Bergdorf Goodman. Below, right: Red T-strap shoe by Town & Country, of A. C. Lawrence calfskin; \$13 at Lord & Taylor. Right: Printed silk shoe by Pappagallo; \$17 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Shoe and stocking stores in other cities, on page 144.





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Red-shoe red *continued*

Opposite: More red shoe news.

1. Red calfskin shoe with black patent leather heel and lacing. By Johansen; \$17 at Stern's.
2. Here, a red calfskin shoe with white lacing. By Fortunet; \$13 at Arnold Constable.
3. Red-suit shoe by DeLiso Debs, of Eisendrath grained calfskin. This, \$21 at Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.
4. Red twisted suède sandal by Newton Elkin, made of Allied kidskin. \$30 at Lord & Taylor.
5. Red shoe, bi-strapped and high-heeled. Of Donovan calfskin. \$37 at Saks Fifth Avenue.
6. All straps but a closed toe. By Mademoiselle, in an Ohio calfskin. \$19 at Lord & Taylor.
7. Opera pump of red satin under black lace. By Customcraft; \$23. At Lord & Taylor.
8. Kidskin flat with a low strap by Ci Ranno. \$10 at Russeks.
9. Red and white calfskin shoe. \$21 at Foot Saver; Sakowitz.
10. Red silk crêpe opera pump with giant silky roses. \$75 at Delman; Neiman-Marcus.
11. Red calfskin, low-heeled. By Herbert Levine. This, \$30 at Jack Schaefer; Joseph Magnin.
12. Red satin string with tiny rhinestones, by Palizzio. \$25 at Lord & Taylor; L. S. Ayres.
13. Soft red shoe by Sandler, of Loewenstein leather; black patent leather. \$10. Altman's.



Red-shoe accent

Left: One wonderful way to look, starting with red shoes. The dress, a navy-blue chemise by Herbert Sondheim, of Stevens wool; \$70 at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Sally Victor hat. Important to the red-shoe look: stockings with a shadowy colour. *At top:* Seamless stockings with faint rosiness, by Hanes; at Altman's; Neiman-Marcus. *Directly above:* Surprise stocking shade for red shoes—sage grey. By Phoenix, at Bergdorf Goodman; Frederick & Nelson. *Both pages:* New stocking for red—pale apricot. By Kayser, at Altman's. Hanes and Kayser stockings, also at Hudson's.

New colours and shapes with red-shoe adjuncts

This page: New and non-cliché way of putting red shoes into the picture. The picture here: back view of a loosely-belted Norfolk coat in tobacco brown. (This belt makes a complete circuit, buttons at front. Also at front: a squared collar, slit pockets.) By Hattie Carnegie, of silk-and-wool fabric; at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; I. Magnin. The red shoes here, by Newton Elkin, at Lord & Taylor. *Opposite page:* Again, an unexpected colour with red shoes—hyacinth blue. (Florists have put these two colours together for years—in the same knot of anemones, for instance.) The dress here: two-piece wool jersey, overbloused and turtle-necked, by Ben Zuckerman; at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus. Shoes by Delman. Straw cloche: Sally Victor.





Numbed and icy, his wife's voice through the telephone enveloped him in its dangerous calm. "Don't worry," she was saying, but too often for best efficiency.

"Don't worry, don't worry, don't worry, I'm all right."

"What's the matter, Barbara?"

"I'm all right. They just flew up in my face like pigeons."

"What's the *matter*?" he almost shouted.

"But they're not hurt. Three children. One boy, two girls." Precision always gave her a sense of mastery over herself, over things. She was winning when she was exact. "The boy was the youngest," she said. "They ran across straight in front of me. I had the right of way, I was making a right-hand turn, really quite slowly. I scraped one—skin cuts, nothing more. I don't think I even touched the boy, but he fell. I hit a little girl—just touched her was all—I think she's only scared. Emotions. I don't think it's anything. They took her to the hospital to make sure."

"Which hospital? I'll go right there."

"No. That's so like you, Dan." The voice was one of disdain. The chemical crystals of her calm proliferated wildly, like the spray of a fire extinguisher in a shaky hand. "No, come here instead. The police are questioning me and I can't move the car. Now listen, I'm at the corner of—" She gave him the location.

"Don't worry, I'll be right with you."

He heard her saying as he put down the receiver, "But I already told you I'm perfectly all right. Perfectly." He stood a moment at the telephone. He could not possibly have heard her say that. It was just that he felt what she would think.

Although this event had never happened in this way before, he found it very familiar and watched like a dream-watcher barely awake as the cab took him through the scattered Saturday afternoon traffic. A kid with a rod and no muffler whooped by; loiterers at the corner glanced up from their weekend editions; he did not bother asking the cabbie to hurry. No haircut today, he decided. No something else; he forgot his other plan for the Saturday afternoon. The children just flew up in her face like pigeons. Barbara's words for it excited him, troubled him. The children flying up like pigeons to disaster recalled something—she was calm, he was less calm—and all at once, in front of a billboard selling insurance (ARE YOU READY? ARE YOUR LOVED ONES SAFE?), he sat forward and remembered what it was. Calling for a doctor. She had been normally pregnant, and wild with fright and a consequent petulance, and wanting with tears and fury—wanting him to be other than he was, wanting some fantastic ideal husband and no husband at all—and then she had taken ill. Calling for a doctor, calling for an ambulance. Flying up in his face like pigeons.

While in terrible pain, coolly, calmly, with fine control, she had lost their child. The white inwardness of her suffering had drawn them closer than they had ever been, and then, with the receding pain, they had fallen away once more. Another time, when he was ill, she had nursed him with marvellous tenderness. And then his return to health. And the falling away.

With all her mastery of herself under the shadows of danger, crisis, illness, and death, she had never learned to drive their car in his presence. He rattled her, she said, and she would fly off at him. He judged her, he lacked trust, he ... thank God I wasn't in the car with her, Dan Shaper

THE

A short story by

HERBERT GOLD

thought, and guiltily stared at the cab driver's neck, remembering the children.

He thought: When the panic button is pressed and everyone is in full confusion, there she is, fully competent. Beautiful, beautiful. The crisis mentality. If I would oblige her by being an invalid or an alcoholic, if she could find herself at the edge of hell itself, then she would charge into the Furies to defend us both. She could fight for me, she could murder for herself. She would be a hero and we could love each other. But all I need for her is to stand with me in love and confidence without the panic button, the way things are, just living together.

His cab pulled up before the little huddle on a sun-speckled November street corner. Their Pontiac was where it had stopped, with a few feet of black skid marks on the pavement. Two policemen, one with unfolded measuring tape, had their bored, busy policeman masks slipped loosely over their bored, lazy policeman faces. There were the curious, the loitering, and, as it turned out, three witnesses. "Your missus wasn't going five miles an hour. She made a stop. I told the officer," an angry little knot of a man reported to him at once. He smiled at this friend, moved his lips "thank you," and reached for his wife. He made her lean a moment against his shoulder. He could feel the mobilized little body, hot as a bird, even through her coat. He felt a flood of tenderness for this slight, firm girl who now needed him very much. He wanted her to feel protected and, for himself, he wanted to touch her cheek.

"Don't worry about a thing," he said.

"Everything is all right," she answered, pulling away. "Why, are you upset?"

There was also a grim mother standing with a weeping boy, his face smudged with tears, the tears still furrowing down his face, and a rip at his corduroy knees where he had fallen. The two girls had both been taken to the hospital. Of course he was upset! Shouldn't he be? Why should Barbara even ask and why should the question be sent flying at him like a judgment? He wanted to say something to the mother, something like "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," but of course it wasn't his fault, it was his wife who was involved, and apparently it wasn't her fault either, and it was hard to say anything. Still, the mother and the boy were unhappy. The mother was angry. Still, how was it really his business? (I'm

PANIC BUTTON

sorry, but it isn't *our* fault? my wife's fault?) He said nothing and avoided looking at the woman. He stood near Barbara and let their bodies touch as they moved. He wanted this unvoiced physical comfort to be the best love she now needed. Once her flower of a face with its huge dark eyes stopped its restless turning for an instant and gazed curiously into his face. It would be fine to give her what she wanted.

"Looks like your lady was in perfect control," the cop said. "Crazy kids don't look where they're going, don't cross where there's a guard. She couldn't stop them if she was the mayor. Of course the lady'll have to appear in court anyhow and I shouldn't say, but it's my opinion." He grinned and shook his head and used the quizzical word "lady," Shaper knew, because Barbara was such a lady, so cool about it.

"Your wife is such a lovely person," a woman came up to inform him. She paused to let him assimilate this information. Cans of cat food clanked in her mesh shopping bag. "I watched the whole thing. You should have seen how controlled she was, how she cuddled that little girl who was so scared, and she didn't even think of herself and her own trouble—"

"Thank you," he said, touching Barbara to pull her away, but the woman followed them.

"The girl was all right, but she was so sweet to her anyhow. That girl just ran right in front of the car. She should have given her a piece of her mind—the brats, they're supposed to study safety first in school—if it had been me, I'd have been furious, me, but no, she cuddled and cuddled her—"

"Thank you," he said. "Where did they take the child?"

The woman rushed on, a bored lonely vacant creature in a cloth coat with a destroyed fur collar: "She had a right to be scared herself, she did, she did, but she only—"

"Let's go now," he said. He led his wife away, very much aware of his tall figure leaning solicitously over her. He felt the throbbing, shaking, inward heat of Barbara's effort at control—that hot motor which keeps the freezer cool. The policeman said that there was nothing more required. Barbara broke free of his arm and went to speak with the mother of the boy. She left him standing there, unprotected from the woman with the cloth coat. He followed Barbara.

"We can go *now*," she said when he took her arm again. "Now let's go to the hospital and see how little Jeanie is."

The woman with the cat food hung near them, shaking her head in violent wonder and approval. He held the door open for his wife. She liked public courtesies. He got in at his side. She sat there very still and white. He noticed that she had remembered to turn off the ignition, although the car must have stalled, and she had both put on the brakes and left it in gear. She said nothing until they turned the corner away from the crowd. Then he began to hear her breathing, and he felt her huge, dark, smudged eyes on him as he paid elaborate attention to his driving. "It's all your fault," she said softly.

They did not need another accident. He pulled over to the curb, stopped, and locked the brake before answering. "For what? How?" he asked. He put out his arms toward her in the hope of catching something. "How is it possible, Barbara?"

She whispered to him under great pressure, like a bursting vessel, "It's all your fault. Your fault." The tears were shaken from her eyes, propelled by anger, hatred, anguish. A droplet splashed on his hand and he felt its hot spreading. "Your fault for everything!"

"Let's go to the hospital first," he said, "then we'll talk. First we want to make sure the child is all right, don't we?" He felt a marvel of a smile gathering within and spreading its warmth through his veins. It was a wondrous calm humour that came to dwell with him. At last the connection was made between trouble and ordinary times and he could figure out what to do next. For him now to control, to manipulate; and beyond those items of approximation and accommodation, perhaps even to break loose from manipulating and controlling, which are the resort of weakness. The panic button had no more power over him. He would not betray it, no, but the smile nourished him.

"Your your *your* fault!"

"Poor Barbara," he said, "you're upset." He held her struggling head; it pressed furiously against his shoulder; he stroked her hair. He blinked his hot dry eyes and, to relieve them, focused as far down the street, as far away as he could without moving. "You're upset, but never you mind, Barbara honey. Who wouldn't be?"

Now free, free!

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Henry A. Kissinger's really brilliant book, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, in which he mentions, under the heading of need for a doctrine, that "Policy is the art of weighing probabilities; mastery of it lies in grasping the nuances of possibilities."... The quick cuts in the wit of Mort Sahl, whose night club monologues leave his audiences laughing and bleeding.... The Stereodisc, *Railroad Sounds, Steam and Diesel*, a record that sounds like a night in a roundhouse; although meant to be played for full sound with a cartridge not yet on the market, it can be played now on a conventional phonograph.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The odd idea of reviving tattooing, not by sailors, but by painters and jazz-lovers; one Newporter, female, has a speckled butterfly on her arm, and another, male, a heart.... Richard Lippold, the sculptor, now in France to do one of his constructions, perhaps a cobweb on a vine for the wine château-museum of Baron Philippe de Rothschild.... The fervour, the fresh dancing forms of Inbal, a troupe of Israeli dancers.... The fun of a new book, *Puzzle-Math*, by George Gamow and Marvin Stern who have told some fascinating mathematical puzzles in the form of stories, putting the answers in italics and dialogue.... The pretty new theatre, the York, which has the new Tennessee Williams' play, *Suddenly Last Summer*, powerfully written, but in the end, an evanescent exercise in horror that fails: on a white hot day against a white wall on a white hill a gang of enraged children eat up a poet in search of God.

"THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS"

William Inge, thick-browed, frowning, soft-faced, and contained, stares out of this photograph in which he is backed by five of the superb players in his *Dark at the Top of the Stairs*. A dramatist who has had four hits and made a fortune out of the theatre, he is gentle and controlled, with such heart that he sympathizes with all his characters as though he were God. Although he has no difficulty at all in saying what he means, his characters fumble their inarticulate way. They are all apparently average people who lead lives that are only partly desperate and often not quiet. In the process of telling about one family in Oklahoma in the twenties, Mr. Inge involves them in a variety of fears including money troubles, job troubles, small-town prejudices, adolescent party qualms, and marriage problems. He even rips the silver cord again. On these matters he is almost always wise, sometimes anguished, sometimes amusing, the scenes flowing theatrically and potently.

Left to right: Charles Saari as a difficult, oddball child; Teresa Wright as a mother who often forgets to be a wife; and Eileen Heckart whose scenes of swift heartiness are followed by heart-break. *Back row:* Timmy Everett, unforgettable as a boy shunted to military school; and Pat Hingle, twanging his fear and bravado.









THE SECRETARY OF COMMERCE,
SINCLAIR WEEKS



MR. PETER SALM



MR. STANLEY MORTIMER



COUNT PAUL DE GANAY

SYNDICATE SHOOT

By James Van Alen

Bird shooting, as pictured in such time-honored magazines as the *Illustrated London News*, the *Tatler* and the *Field*, is virtually unknown in America. The shooting party, lined up, guns in hand, tastefully decked out in shooting tweeds of varied colours and checks, each of the men capped and spatted, studiously unconscious (evidently) of the camera's presence—with the day's mixed bag of pheasants, partridges, and hares—is something most of us don't begin to understand over here. This group, with the ladies spotting the fallen birds and helping the spaniels and retrievers (the limit, usually, of the women's participation, since in Europe, which is still a man's land, the women are rarely permitted to shoot), may have just bagged five hundred to a thousand brace of pheasants. And yet, if we only realize it, plentiful shooting can be organized almost as colourfully in the United States, with thought, good management, and, of course, funds.

The key to the matter—in this country, with its confined lands, its necessary control of wild bird limits which must take into consideration the fact that some fifteen million shooting licenses are taken out each year—is the Release Syndicate Shoot. This can be operated at any licensed game preserve with an unlimited number of pen-raised, rather than wild birds—providing, of course, that its grounds (*Continued on the next page*)

One wintry morning, this group banded together for a day's sport at the Separate, the shooting box of Mr. and Mrs. James Van Alen in Millbrook, New York. Such a group, comprised of nine to eighteen guns, is called a Pheasant Release Syndicate Shoot, or PRSS. The guns divide the bag.

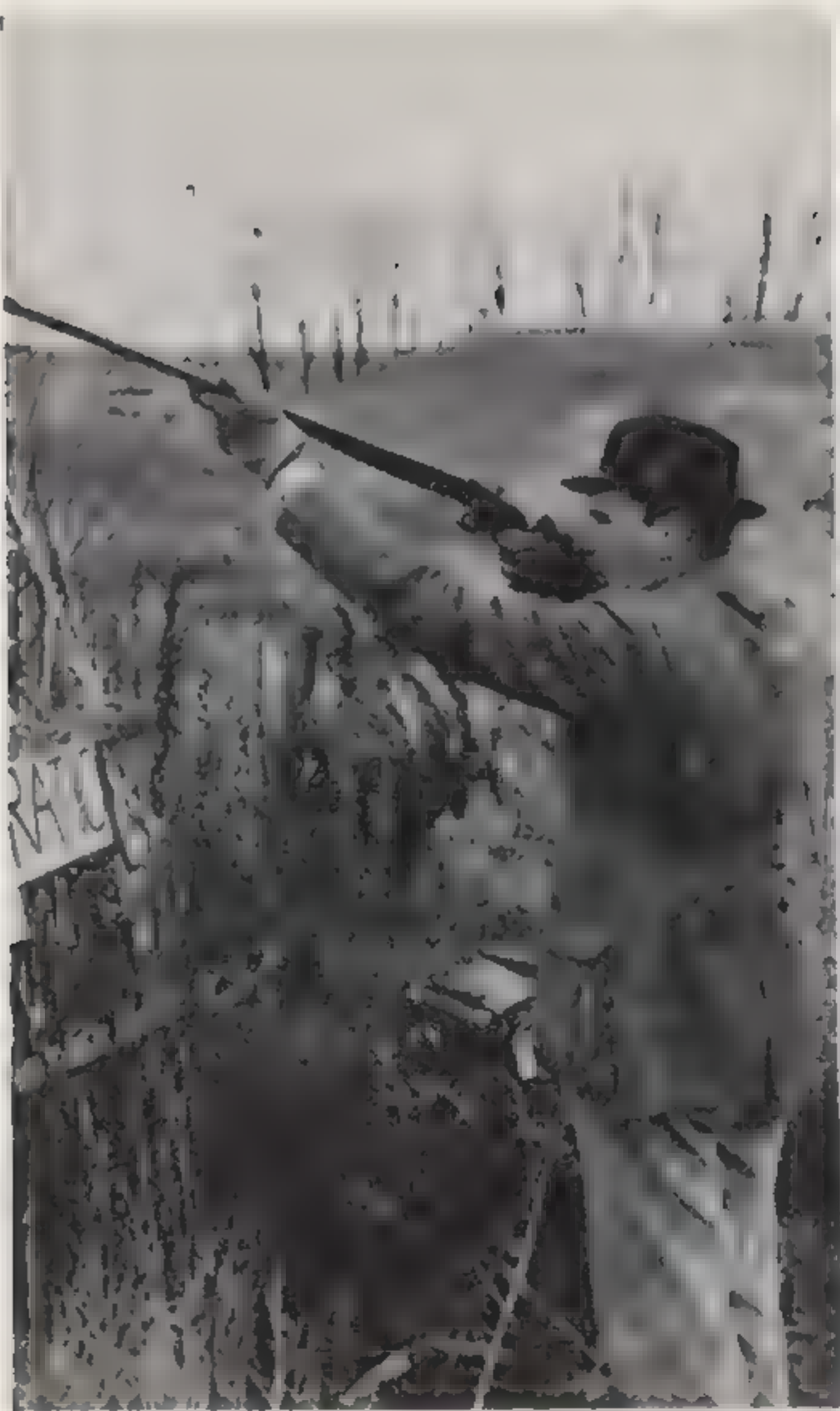


MR. JAMES VAN ALEN (centre) SHOWING THE PLAN
FOR THE SHOOT TO HIS BIRD-HANDLERS,
ROBERT AND JOHN COLE. (At right) RICHARD CAMPBELL
WHO PRODUCES PHEASANTS FOR THE SYNDICATE

Opposite: MRS. JAMES VAN ALEN

COUNT DE GANAY, MR. WEEKS, MRS. VAN ALEN





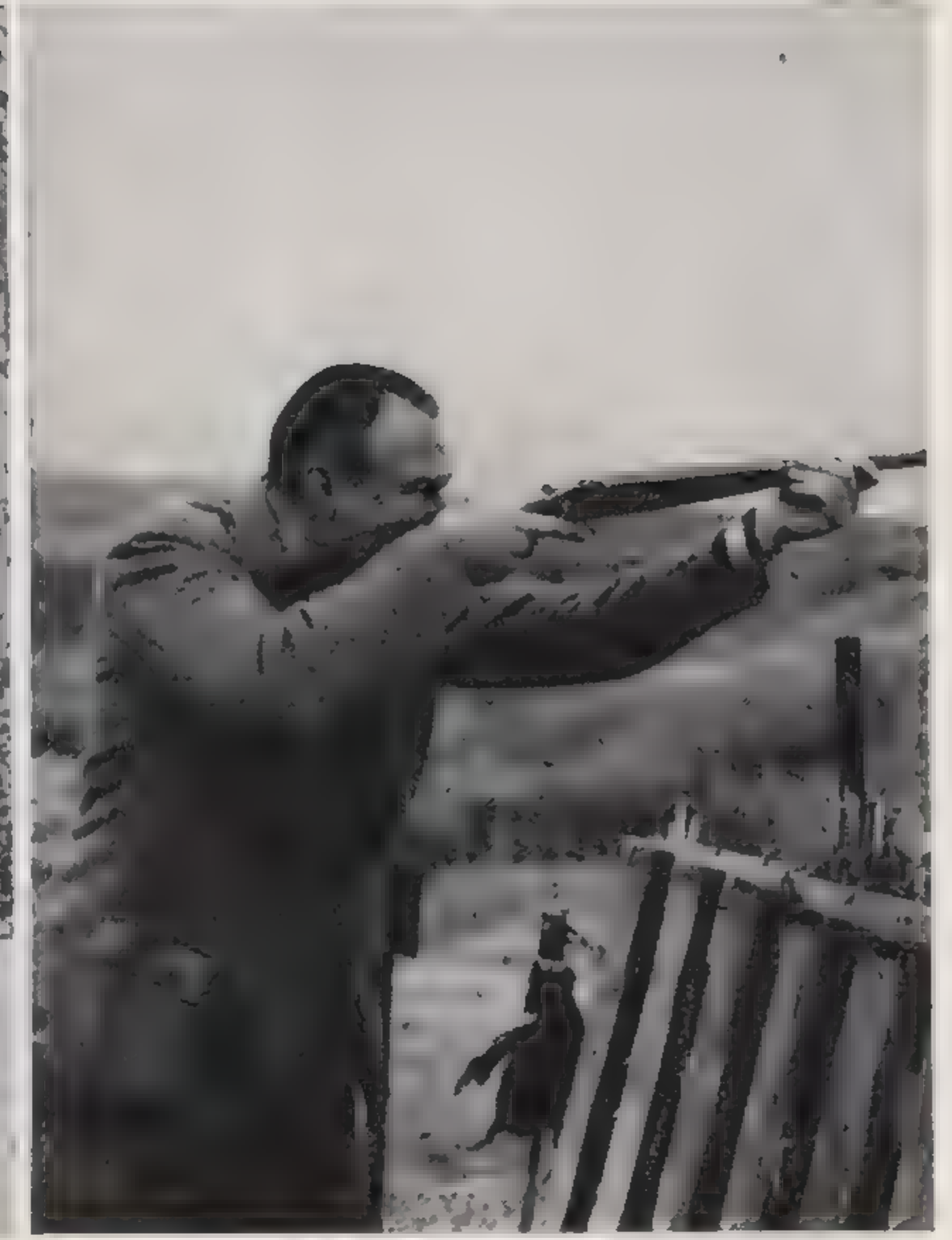
MR. PETER STEPHAICH



MR. WINSTON GUEST



H.R.H. PRINCE CHARLES OF LUXEMBOURG



MR. LOWELL WEICKER



MRS. ALLAN RYAN AND COUNT DE GANAY
WITH THE RETRIEVER, TONY



MRS. BYRNES MACDONALD
WITH MR. SALM



PRINCE CHARLES, COUNT DE GANAY, SENHORA ISABEL LEITAO DA CUNHA

SYNDICATE SHOOT

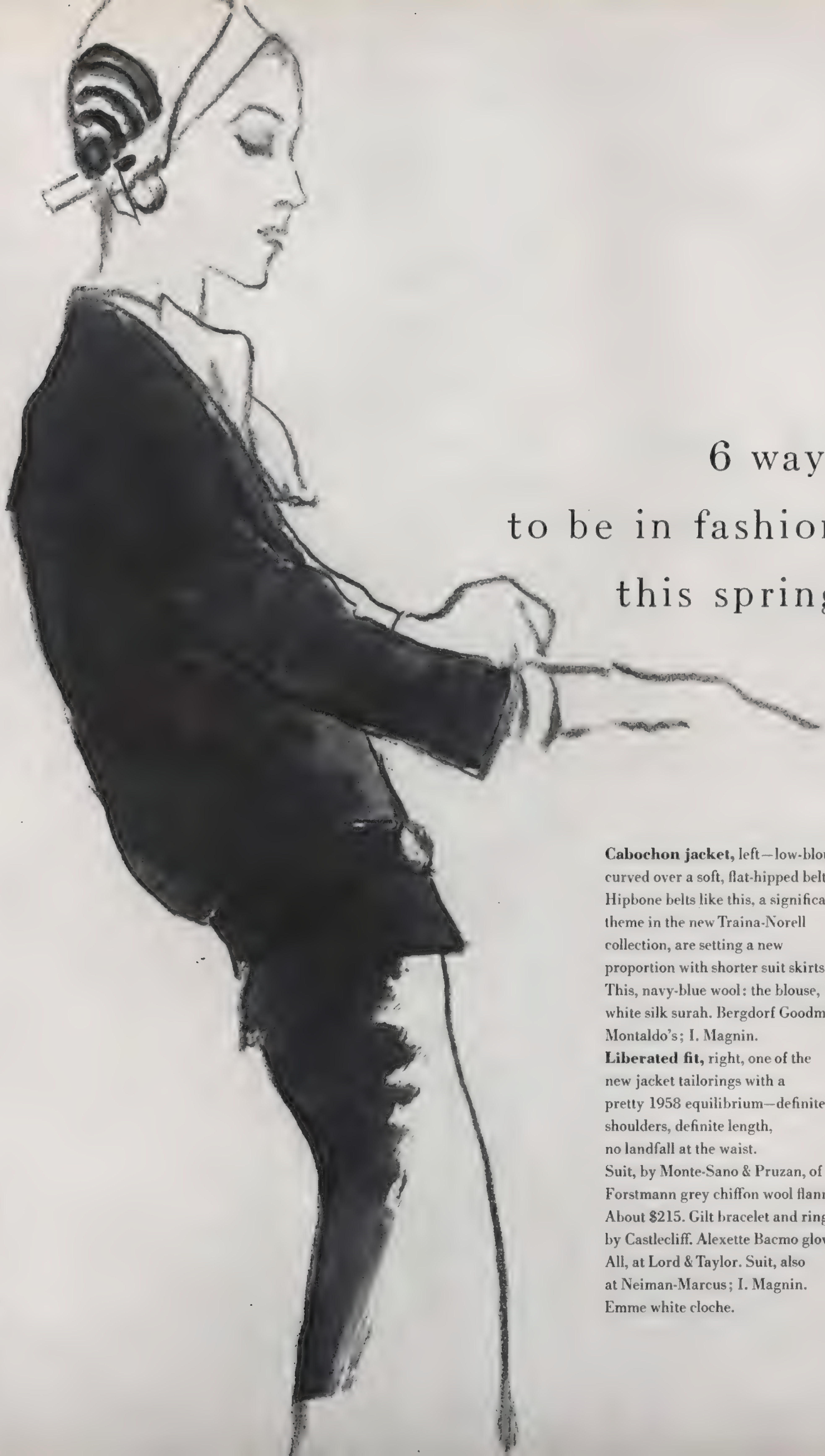
continued

and set-up fit the release requirements. The Syndicate Shoot is just like any other syndicate: a group, in this case, of friends, who pool their resources for a particular purpose—in this case, sport. To insure all birds going over the guns, the usual requirement for the Syndicate Shoot is a minimum of eight members.

For this purpose, the pheasant has proved itself the most suitable bird. It is reared more easily in pens than other game birds, has a longer and stronger flight, and, most important, regains its wild characteristics the moment it is released. There is only one way of shooting a pheasant which produces a shot of the first quality, high and incoming. It is through what is known as the PRSS, a Pheasant Release Syndicate Shoot, which is simply a European plan of driven shooting, adapted to American conditions. Designed for those who are adequately long in funds but short on time, who want as much shooting as possible, and who prefer the challenge of firing at a great number of difficult (*Continued on page 147*)

MR. AND MRS. PETER STEPHAICH;
IN THE BACKGROUND, MRS. SINCLAIR WEEKS





6 ways
to be in fashion
this spring

Cabochon jacket, left—low-bloused, curved over a soft, flat-hipped belt. Hipbone belts like this, a significant theme in the new Traina-Norell collection, are setting a new proportion with shorter suit skirts. This, navy-blue wool: the blouse, white silk surah. Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; I. Magnin.

Liberated fit, right, one of the new jacket tailorings with a pretty 1958 equilibrium—definite shoulders, definite length, no landfall at the waist. Suit, by Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of Forstmann grey chiffon wool flannel. About \$215. Gilt bracelet and ring by Castlecliff. Alexette Bacmo gloves. All, at Lord & Taylor. Suit, also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Emme white cloche.

Eric





Spring fashion now *continued*

Brioche-blousing, left:

a sheath of navy-blue wool,
with a diplomatic puff of blousing.

It could accommodate the under-coat plans
of a far-thinking woman now, and
master the coatless weather glossed,
as here, with a capsule cloche.

Harvey Berin dress, in Forstmann wool,
about \$70. Trifari bracelet.

Both, at Bonwit Teller.

Dress, also at Nan Duskin; Joseph Magnin.

Shoestring chemise, short form.

Right, a dress that might rate,
like pearls or a faultless figure, as
one of the great valuables in a woman's
fashion life. The degree of
chemisiness possible here varies,
but the legginess of this look
is as much a part of the proportion
as a close-pressed shape of hat.

Ben Barrack dress of navy-blue worsted,
about \$50. Fuchs gloves.

Newton Elkin shoes.

All at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at

Hudson's; Famous-Barr. Hats, both pages: Emme.



Spring fashion now

continued

The new pavé jersey.

This page, a spring suit of close-spaced checks on worsted jersey. The tweed personality of a fashion like this might suit, admirably, the woman with a less-than-tweedy existence: the town slant, here, a white ribboned cloche, clean flashes of white linen gilet and undercuffs. By Ben Gershel, of navy-blue and white English jersey. About \$190.

This, and the Monet bracelet, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Sally Victor hat.

The straw-hat wool. Far right, one of the new strongly plaided all-day dresses that wheel independently through some of the most carefully plotted wardrobes now. The wool (you can almost see your life line through it) carries a lot more warmth than weight. Anna Miller dress of brown and beige Italian sheer wool. About \$215. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Giddings. Breton of natural straw by Sally Victor.







Bonjour Riviera— the clothes joyeux

Deborah Kerr and David Niven, as the sun-crossed movie lovers of *Bonjour Tristesse*, were photographed in costume, in character, by Vogue, at the Mediterranean villa of the Pierre Lazareffs where a good part of the film was made. A movie-type movie razzed with fast cars, music, and the midsummer madness that goes with Riviera sunshine, *Tristesse* has, besides the bitterish, greengage lure of the Françoise Sagan story, that big feminine plus—*clothes*. Paris clothes, in fact, designed by Givenchy with the stardust touch that makes a woman look romancy and ravishing even when her heart, as they say, is shattering. They could be the day and night wardrobe of almost any woman on the Riviera, in the Southern U.S.A. On these pages, Miss Kerr (who won recently the best actress award of the New York Film Critics Circle for 1957) wears the Givenchy clothes as she wears them on the wide screen, launching, as far as we know, the cinematic life of the chemise. With Miss Kerr here is David Niven as the brittle, jaunty tycoon who is the object of both the *amour* and the *tristesse*.

David Niven and Deborah Kerr, left. Miss Kerr, arriving at the villa, wears a superb short chemise of heavy beige linen. With her, David Niven, dressed for the holiday life of a man who throws away mail from the office.

Mr. Niven and Miss Kerr in a melting evening moment from the movie. Her dress, short, strapless, slightly chemisey—chiffon in a colour between turquoise and cornflower.



Deborah Kerr, above, dressed for a day on the beach.

Left: Sharp-blue cotton overblouse, lined with terry cloth; worn over moderately tapering white linen pants.

Right: Close-hauled white bathing suit; a capey little beach coat, cut like a cocoon of cotton piqué, lined with starred terry cloth.



The life of ease continued, with Miss Kerr in linen pants of deep pink, a mauve blouse, red-belted.



A PEER BEHIND



By John Godley, Lord Kilbracken

Above: Lord Kilbracken wearing his Russian fur cap against the Moscow cold. A lanky, tall, rather gay Irishman who writes and lectures to support an aged estate in County Leitrim, Kilbracken went to Russia this winter for the London Daily Express. It was his second visit. During World War II, he arrived in Murmansk on the British aircraft carrier, H.M.S. Nairana, as a pilot and the Lieutenant Commander of its air squadron. Now he is lecturing in this country, mainly about his Moscow visit and his farm, Killegar. This is Lord Kilbracken's fourth article for Vogue.

I had two main objectives when I flew into Moscow recently: to interview Khrushchev, and to watch, in three days' time, the parade through Red Square on the fortieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. As a Peer of the Realm—and the British equivalent, therefore, of an United States Senator—I expected no favours in Russia (and I certainly obtained none). I had an ordinary tourist visa, and had been warned that I would receive only ordinary facilities. I achieved both my aims, in strictly anonymous ways. I not only watched the parade—I marched in it myself, thinly disguised as a Russian. And I interviewed Khrushchev. I was disguised, strangely enough, as an American, at an Embassy reception to which I hadn't been invited.

The omens had been good from the start. I'd applied

for my visa only ten days earlier, *in absentia* from Cannes where I was holidaying, and never really believed it would come through in time; a previous application of mine, made three years earlier, has never yet been so much as answered. This time, inexplicably, it was approved almost at once, and I flew next day to London, to have the visa stamped in my passport, and to pick up foreign currency and the necessary Intourist documents. On the morrow, the Sunday the second Sputnik was launched, I flew to Prague on board a rickety, nearly-empty Ilyushin 14, the sand of the plutocratic Carlton Beach still between my toes.

The waiting room at Prague Airport filled during that day with Communists from a dozen countries, who were all headed for the Soviet beanfeast, as the airplanes flew in with them from France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and at ten past three, the great Russian jet came whistling in—the four-engined, droop-winged TU-104—which was to transport us all to Moscow. We couldn't take off that evening, owing to unfavourable weather conditions, which meant a Chekovian night at the airport, but the direct result of this delay was that we were met at Moscow next morning by Khrushchev and Bulganin, not to mention military bands and other Red Army detachments. They hadn't come to meet me, but the leaders of the official Czech delegation, Novotny and Siroky, who had joined our plane at the last moment, and who wouldn't have been with us if we'd left the previous evening. (Siroky is the Czech Premier; Novotny was the Secretary of the Czech Communist Party, and has since become President in succession to Zapotocky.) I thought of tackling Khrushchev there and then on the Tarmac, amid the bands and banners, but was disabused of the notion by a very fierce militiaman, who directed me to the terminal building.

Intourist, the Russian travel agency, had necessarily arranged my trip, and had booked a suite for me at the Metropole, one of the half-dozen hotels in Moscow which they run for the benefit, or otherwise, of foreign visitors, and which approximate, I should imagine, the Western standards of the 1920's. They had also provided me with a book of coupons, labelled "Dinner," "Sight-seeing," "Interpreter," "Afternoon Tea," and so on; I had been instructed in London that I only had to detach the appropriate coupon and the service in question would be provided. When I reached the Metropole in the shiny Zim car which brought me from the airport, I went at once to the Intourist office on the ground floor of the hotel, detached a sight-seeing coupon, and said I wished to see Khrushchev. The clerk offered me visits to the Kremlin, the University, the subway, the Bolshoi Theatre, the museums; or I could see Lenin and Stalin in their mausoleum in Red Square. But Comrade Khrushchev found it difficult, he informed me dead pan, to see every foreign visitor. And it was even very doubtful, he said with a sad smile, if he would be able to find me a ticket for the parade; I should inquire again next day, and he would see what he could do.

Next morning I learned the worst. Not only were no tickets available for Red Square; there were no tickets left, either, for the adjacent Manezhnaya Square, through which

THE CURTAIN

the whole parade would pass, nor even for Revolution Square, from which a very distant, sidelong view could be obtained. Realizing that the heart of Moscow would thus be inaccessible to me, I arrived immediately at the only possible solution: Peer of the Realm or not, I would march in their old parade—and worry about Khrushchev later.

I had two days to prepare for it. I abandoned an ambitious plan to insinuate myself into a tank, and decided to concentrate on the “spontaneous demonstration” which follows the guns and rockets, when some two hundred thousand Russian citizens march through the centre of Moscow to Red Square, bearing banners, slogans, portraits of political leaders, and so on. It’s all very highly organized, despite its alleged spontaneity: the marchers, I learned, would be in groups of fifty or a hundred, each group representing a factory, a collective farm, an office, a trade union. No foreign delegates would be taking part. The “comrade demonstrators,” I was told, would enter Manezhnaya Square in two great streams, twenty or thirty abreast, from the west and east. Here the two streams would merge, and march the length of the square together, and on up the hill into Red Square itself, to salute the Soviet leaders on the low roof of the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum in front of the Kremlin walls. I reconnoitred the area carefully, and also took the precaution of buying a fur hat in G.U.M., which stands for Gosudarstvenniy Universalniy Magasin, the cavernous state department store opposite the mausoleum.

I was called at five-thirty on the morning of the parade, and dressed as suitably as possible in my gloomy room at the Metropole. It wasn’t very easy to make myself look Russian. I hadn’t shaved since leaving London, but I have a very English face, I’ve been told, and was worried about my height: at six-foot-one I was head and shoulders above most Muscovites. I had no old clothes with me—only a rather smart grey flannel suit, made by Hall’s of Oxford, which had already attracted envious attention. The previous evening, however, I had rolled it into a ball and shoved it under my bed, and it now looked almost Moscow-style, especially, I found, when I wore the trousers inside-out. I chose the dirtiest shirt I could find, and a pink tie which I luckily had with me—the club colours of Leander, as a matter of fact, the most exclusive rowing club in Britain, but I felt reasonably confident that no one would recognize it. My shoes hadn’t been polished for three days, and therefore looked just right. The military parade was due to start at ten, and would last an hour; soon after six, I put on my fur hat and an inconspicuous grey overcoat, and issued from my hotel into the cold and dismal dawn, hoping, but without much confidence, that I looked proletarian.

The city was already wide awake and I realized at once how difficult things would be. Red Square, Manezhnaya Square, and Revolution Square were already cordoned off by militiamen, who also lined the parade route. Announcements were coming constantly from loud-speakers, but of these I could understand nothing. (I knew only three words of Russian—*da*, meaning yes; *nyet*, meaning no; and *tovarich*, meaning comrade—and I had realized all

along only too well that this would be an additional, severe handicap.) Almost at once, however, I had my first stroke of luck: I noticed a party of young Germans who were heading for the parade area, singing revolutionary songs and carrying a red banner. I tagged along behind them, without somehow being noticed, as they passed on a group ticket through the militiamen at the entry to Revolution Square. My luck with them held further: their group ticket admitted them—and me—through a second line of militiamen at the entry to Manezhnaya Square. This I accomplished, necessarily, without speaking a word, since my knowledge of German is nearly as rudimentary as my knowledge of Russian.

I wondered for a moment if their ticket would take them on into Red Square itself, but they turned right instead of left, and took up positions on the wide flight of stone steps in front of the closed doors of the Moskva Hotel (whose clients, for the day, could use only the rear entrance). I looked circumspectly around, and realized that these steps were the only outdoor part of the huge square open to spectators—even ticketed spectators. The sidewalks were kept empty. The steps slowly became packed with flag-waving contingents from a dozen countries, English being almost the only language I *didn’t* hear, and I merged with them as inconspicuously as possible. We could see up the hill past the Museum of History to Red Square, where bands and military contingents were beginning to assemble, but the saluting-base itself was out of sight. In the vast expanse of Manezhnaya Square in front of us, the heavy military units were already drawn up in readiness.

The military parade got off promptly at ten, and I had a front-row view of everything from my uninvited vantage point. Soon after eleven, the last rocket rumbled by and the civilian parade began. This was the moment I’d been waiting for, but with ebbing confidence, I must admit. The civilians were led by school children, with hoops, toys, and wreaths of white flowers which they would present to the leaders as they passed the mausoleum. Next came groups of athletes, each in track suits of a different colour—scarlet, green, yellow, violet—according to their clubs.

And then began the march-past of ordinary, ununiformed citizens; besides the flags and slogans, they carried placards denoting their trades or vaunting their productivity, and from time to time there was a band, or a float depicting some aspect of Soviet endeavour. It was these I hoped to join, but it all somehow seemed impossible now; they looked so organized, so well-known to one another, so Russian. Besides, though discipline had been relaxed after the military parade and we were now allowed on the sidewalks, armed militiamen stood every three yards in an unbroken line all along the route to prevent unauthorized participation. I bided my time but gained very small encouragement; three times I saw Russians who tried to break the line, and on each occasion militiamen were after them in a flash, and threw them out very roughly, a bayonet at the ready if needed. I left Manezhna- (Continued on page 148)



KAZAN

JOYCE CAREY AS MRS. EXETER. An English actress recently on Broadway in Noel Coward's *Nude with Violin*, and appearing here for *Vogue* as Mrs. Exeter, Joyce Carey is a soft-voiced, charming woman whose off-stage fashion plans revolve around black ("More practical, especially in London, although red is my favourite colour"). High on her fashion list: open necklines because they're feminine and flattering; prints, and especially for its well put-together look, the twin-print idea (print dresses with their own print coats, or dresses and print-lined coats); red hats for the reason mentioned above. On the facing page, points for a spring wardrobe, picked for their Mrs. Exeter-ability (size scope, for instance; sleeves), with running comment from Miss Carey as Mrs. Exeter. Here, she wears a twin-print dress that she likes, apart from the fact that it's print, for its ability to play two parts in her wardrobe: a soft chiffon overskirt buckles on to change the line from slender to softly full; the time, from late-day to informal evenings. By Young Viewpoint, of Goodman & Theise green-and-blue silk crêpe and chiffon, about \$60. Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

Points for

Mrs. Exeter's spring wardrobe



1



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3



4

1. City-tailored dress—navy-blue silk shaped with suit precision, plus softness. A half-belt, a bandbox-white collar springing from a rounded neckline. (Per Miss Carey: "Uncluttered and cool-looking.") By Mary Elizabeth; \$90. Bonwit Teller.

2. City suit-look Miss Carey might wear to a summer matinée (somebody else's); with a change of accessories, on to in-

formal evenings—a dress and jacket of black silk. The jacket: chemisey, half-belted. The dress: slim, but not breathtakingly, with a shallow curved neckline, small sleeves. \$145. Bergdorf Goodman.

3. Two-piece suit to travel between city-country, or simply *travel*—blazer-shaped jacket, slim skirt, and a blouse that can't edge out of it—it's attached ("Wonderful idea, I've never been able to control blouses"). Jacket and skirt: blond Forstmann wool; blouse-top, jacket lining, blond flower-printed silk. By I. Doctor; \$125. Lord & Taylor.

4. Navy-blue silk dress likely to coincide smartly with Mrs. Exeter's shopping-lunch plans: relaxed waist, a curl of collar above a V neckline. Miss Carey calls it "the combination I like best: ease and tailoring." By Young Viewpoint; \$59. Altman's.

5. City coat-dress: black-and-white tweeded silk surah with a smart spare shape—"Such a comfort to have a dress you can *walk into*." By Radiant; \$49, at Altman's. 6. Evening fashion on the good-finds list—the sleeved, décolleté dress. This one, lightly bloused black rayon crêpe ("A very kind dress"). By Muriel King; \$75; Lord & Taylor. 7. The softened shirtwaist. Softening agents: Chinesey silk damask; blousing; a bodice draped to a V; and the colour—cool eucalyptus green. ("Classic, but very feminine.") By Young Viewpoint; \$55. Altman's. 8. For don't-dress evenings, year around—pale-blond polka-dotted chiffon with this special provision for Mrs. Exeter: a sleeved jacket that covers a lightly décolleté dress (the bow here belongs to the dress, in fact). Miss Carey said, admiringly, about this one: "I'd like it in red, *too*." \$160; Lord & Taylor.



5



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8

Make-up tips for a 5 o'clock facial

Almost any woman, given the difficult choice between daytime beauty and beauty after dark, would end by plumping for the evening hours. And with reason enough. No matter how dazzling one may look on the nine-to-five shift, it's after sundown, after all, that the notices start coming in. Possibly for just this reason, there are almost as many firmly held theories on just what goes into after-dark dazzle as there are dazzlers. To hear from one county, we asked the people at Charles of the Ritz to give us a running commentary on their own five o'clock facial, with special attention to some firmly held principles of their own on the subject of evening make-up. Naturally, some of these will provoke controversy. Taken as a whole, however, the position outlined here represents at least one highly influential school of thought. And judging by the result of the full thirty-minute program as experienced by at least one Vogue editor, who emerged in glowing 5:30 P.M. condition, it can be a very successful one indeed.

To begin with, we asked, what's the difference between a five o'clock facial and one at, say, ten-thirty in the morning? To begin with, they told us, none at all. That is, a facial at any time of day starts out with the same few steps. At the Charles of the Ritz salons, they remove previous make-up (daytime make-up, in this case) with cleanser, follow up with skin freshener. Then comes a slow, soothing, ten-minute finger-tip massage over a coating of rich night cream. The idea here is to stimulate circulation. Approximately the same thing could be achieved at home, they suggest, by substituting Masque Revenescence for the massage. And don't forget the neck, they add—an area especially deserving of attention when the evening's plans include a décolleté dress. Next step: A brisk "paddling" with a small cotton pad soaked first in cold water, then in freshener. This helps close up the pores, keep oil underneath, where it can't darken make-up or cause shininess later.

At this point, the actual evening make-up begins. At the Ritz salons, the experts use a somewhat rosy foundation (Camellia is one choice), then dust it over with an almost pure white blend of powder, skip the rouge altogether. The reasons for this somewhat startling procedure are several and, it seems to us, cogent. For one thing,

the white powder makes it possible to indulge in all the retouching you like without darkening the make-up; each new powdering simply lightens and freshens the whole. (That first powdering, incidentally, should be done with loose powder, and lots of it. Pressed powder, it seems, is fine for retouching, but an initial flouring with the old-fashioned loose variety lasts longer.) A further theory behind the white powder, no rouge routine: whiteness tends to keep shadows away, rouge tends to encourage them. This brings up the whole question of lighting, which in these days of fluorescent tubing and concealed spots, can be damaging. Once upon a time a woman could count on moonlight and candle glow to bring out the best in her features. Not any more. The most usual effect of artificial light is to "spotlight" some one area of the face, thereby causing it to leap out of context, so to speak, leaving the rest in Rembrandtesque darkness. The aim of evening make-up, naturally, is to prevent this unflattering action. Hence the non-shadowing white powder. In fact, goes the theory here, the right powder can literally make the difference between night and day. A dusting of lavender in the blend, for instance, adds pink to the complexion in the night light. A dash of green subtracts it—good news for the skier who picks up a midsummer sunburn in February. Theories vary on the colour of eye shadow most effective after dark. Charles of the Ritz comes up with a surprise: *silver* shadow, which, being no colour at all, has a delirious tendency to take on the colour of the dress it happens to be worn with—blue or green or violet. (This might come under the heading of *trompe l'œil*.) The silver can be combined, too, with coloured shadow to match your eyes, and apparently has the added virtue of preventing the coloured shadow from "sliding" on the lids. One possible combination: "China Blue," blended into the silver along the edge of the lid, with blue mascara brushed onto the lashes. If necessary, a blue pencil might be used to elongate the eyes slightly at the outer corners, again on the principle that what looks "natural" during the day is likely to fade into nothing much at night. Another professional trick: brown mascara, *brushed*, not pencilled, onto the eyebrows: it gives a lovely light, besides helping to line up the brows themselves. Some lipstick colours are vulnerable to change under artificial light, particularly the orangy ones, which may simply disappear. The late-day system *chez* Charles: two lipsticks, one a distinctly blue red (their own "Petunia"—see right) and over it, a light, bright pink.

Printed with ravishing outsize blooms, the five o'clock coat (right) could be the fashion coup of almost any evening—with a dress of black or a compatible print-colour. The coat here: importantly full, made of acetate ottoman flower-printed in blue, red, purple. By Originala, of Abraham fabric. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's. Diamond and emerald jewellery by Harry Winston. Petunia lipstick by Charles of the Ritz.

The 5 o'clock coat
flower-printed





COAT:
VOGUE PATTERN 9438
Dress: see facing page



SHIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 9075

SKIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 9269



DRESS: VOGUE PATTERN 9429

Orange wardrobe— 7-yd. dash via the Vogue Printed Pattern route

Four Patterns, some seven yards of fabric, one bright colour—and fashionably speaking, the dash is on. Knitted cotton (chemise-coat and skirt are made of it) requires little caretaking in or out of the sewing machine. A professional seamstress, though, gave us these tips: tape shoulder seams, neckline seams, any seam that goes across the knit with pre-shrunk tape; press lightly—too much pressure collapses the “loft” of a raised knitted pattern. *Opposite:* Chemise-coat and chemise—both, in Heller knitted cotton jersey. Coat, Vogue Pattern 9438; the dress, Pattern 9429. La Mode buttons. Newton Elkin shoes: Lord & Taylor. Van Raalte stockings: Stern's. Mosell earrings and bracelet. MM handbag. Beauty Counselors Golden Girl lipstick. Right above, the point of chemise fitting nicely made—it's not less fit, but different emphasis. Here, with chemise shoes—strapped, by Gamins, at Andrew Geller. Left above, the coat shown as cardigan to a matching skirt (Vogue Pattern 9269) and shirt of Dacron-and-cotton broadcloth, a Fabrex fabric (Vogue Pattern 9075). Calderon belt, MM bag, Millerkin shoes. *Back views, sizes, yardages of all four Patterns, in detail on page 64.*

NOT YOUNG

When I was young and heard people talk about the young, I used to feel as if there were a cold wind whistling around me. Everything they said, even their tone of voice, was so dispassionate, so heartless, that I knew they had forgotten their own youth. But time would play no such trick on me, I decided. I made myself a solemn promise that no matter how old I got, I would always remember as keenly as I was feeling it then, what it was really like to be young. As it happened, I'm afraid the joke was on me. For now that I am thirty, I find that I live in a world which is every bit as youth-conscious as I once wished it were. And I wonder if, with all my good intentions, I am really any closer to the hearts and minds of young people today than my elders were to mine.

Obviously, I'm not the only one who ever promised to keep his childhood memories inviolate. These days almost everybody is bent on recapturing his youth, if not in one way then in another. The present preoccupation with youth goes farther and deeper than mere surface phenomena. In the best magazines now there is memoir after memoir of some author's boyhood. Serious plays often deal with the shivery pain of adolescence. Lecture halls are filled with audiences who have come to hear an expert tell them how to make friends with their children, and the very mention of the phrase "younger generation" in a living room is likely to start a discussion that lasts until midnight. There probably has never been a time when the subject of youth has received such concentrated attention. Yet despite all this activity and all this probing, despite the lectures, stories, symposia, and debates, I think that our real interest remains centred on the pursuit of our own youths and not, as we like to think, on the problems of youth in general.

If you look at some of the things that are said about the younger generation, you'll see what I mean. They've been called silent; they're now called angry. I myself, fondly remembering a rebellious girlhood, find them overcompliant; I am constantly astonished that they call themselves teenagers when they ought to be lying about their ages, or that as students they are ready to avoid books and ideas on the

mere say-so of the authorities. But where I see an exaggerated docility, other people—with perhaps other memories—see heedlessness, recklessness, and often downright lawlessness. I've heard people say that this new generation is just a bunch of babies with a lot of prattle about rock and roll and steady dating, but only the other day I read an article explaining that they were so prematurely middle-aged they couldn't even dream beyond the security of a good marriage and a steady job. Friends of mine who grew up in the thirties wonder how young people can be so politically inert. Those who were young in the twenties look for the old, dazzling spirit that once made a girl park her corset in the ladies' room of the Plaza before she whirled off into the dance. I don't doubt that these complaints are sincere, but are they based on real issues, or on the refusal of this new generation to be young in exactly the same way we once were?

No one, of course, can be blamed for seeing the world through his own experience. But you don't see much of the world, or anything else, if your focus is on personal experience alone. I know a young woman (she would call herself a girl) who can't hear any event in the past mentioned—the Depression, the Battle of the Bulge, the death of Roosevelt—without immediately saying, "Now let me see, how old was I then?" It is a silly attitude that I've often laughed at. But I'm afraid I'm just as foolish to insist that young people break away from the authoritarianism of their parents when their parents quite plainly aren't authoritarian. It's hardly perceptive to urge a fresh college graduate to lead a Bohemian life in Greenwich Village when rents there are higher than in the solid bourgeois sections of New York. As someone remarked to me recently, "There's no point asking a girl to shed her corset in the ladies' room when she's wearing a nice comfortable girdle to begin with." There isn't.

But in effect, this is what many of us do. I have friends who send their children to church regularly, not because they themselves believe in God—they are agnostics—but because the high point of their own lives came when they broke away from organized religion and they want their children to have the same experience. And I have heard myself give a twenty-year-old college boy, who told me he was getting married,

By ANN BIRSTEIN

IN THE OLD WAY

such a resounding lecture on the perils of relinquishing his freedom, that I had to wait for my own voice to die away before I began to wonder if the girl he was in love with might be the right wife for him. As a matter of fact, she was. What impressed me about this incident was not that I influenced the boy—he paid no attention to me—but that my old dragons had become so dear to me I wanted him to slay the same ones. When he didn't, as of course he couldn't, I leaped up to fight the familiar battle.

It's hard, of course, to think that the old enemies were killed and buried a long time ago. It means the shock of realizing that the newest generation is no longer your own. I know, because I am still reverberating to that shock myself. But when I try to examine my difficult girlhood with a little less nostalgia and a little more honesty, I wonder if it was really as difficult as I like to make out and whether it isn't actually harder to be young now. Perhaps the emphasis society now places on youth puts a pressure on the young far greater than any I ever knew. One of the things that was once most painful to me was the feeling that no one wanted to understand me. But surely it is equally painful to feel, as young people today must, that everyone is so determined to understand you they never leave you alone. I used to worry because my parents seemed so old, so remote, even hostile, but at least I knew them for what they were, my parents, not two friendly equals. It can't be easy to live in a world where generations vie with each other to see who is younger, and everyone thinks he knows the solution to your problems before you even have them.

It would be ironic if young people were secretly longing these days for less sympathetic attention and a little more privacy. I'm glad that they're not up to writing their autobiographies. I have an uneasy feeling that when they do, the old memoirs of the lonely, misunderstood childhood will have been supplanted by the sorrows of a childhood probed and poked at all too thoroughly.


I don't pretend to know what young people want these days or what they say to each other when they're alone. The other day when my fifteen-year-old niece called a boy a creep

and then said, "Oh, I'm sorry, Aunt Ann, you probably don't know what that means," my impulse was to run to the mirror and massage my chin. Then I found myself thinking that perhaps my niece and that college boy and even this whole younger generation and I had things in common far deeper than using the same slang words. For to be young is to know—in any time or place—that you are a potential to whom the world is full of unexplored possibilities. I knew this when I was a young girl; I think young people still know it. And though I like to see my youth as a rebellion against authority and a struggle for independence, I know that my real struggle was with the feeling that life was mysterious. I wondered about love; I wondered about God. I'm sure that young people still wonder about love and about God—they have to—even if they do it in a way that I don't always recognize. The only real gifts you can give the young are not a set of solutions to problems but a true compassion for the struggle with understanding life that being young really means, and the freedom to make this struggle in their own way.

When I think of the people who were able to give these gifts to me, I realize that they were never the ones who worried about being up-to-date. To worry about it is probably the best way to get old fast. What distinguished them, making them seem as young in mind as I was in years, was their feeling that life had never stopped serving up unexplored possibilities. Their capacity for speculation and for wonder was endless. Whenever I read Tolstoi's *Childhood*, *Boyhood*, and *Youth*, or Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, or Colette's memoirs, *Sido*, I smile at the way all the barriers of time separating us tumble down like little walls of matchsticks. The moment that this happens all the talk about generations ends and the real talk begins.

When I was in my early twenties, I met a group of older writers who teased me about being born in the, to them, incredibly recent year, 1927. Only one of them failed to be astonished. He finally said, "1927? What's so strange about that? I was kind of born that year myself." I was grateful to him then. I still am. I'd like some day to be able to say of almost any year, "I was kind of born then myself."





Day-brighteners: in navy blue

This page: Navy-blue suit, clearly Spring, 1958—skirt, shorter; jacket, chemisier; a splash of polka dots added. Suit, in worsted; white linen collar, red silk bow polka-dotted in white.

By Spectator Ltd.; about \$110.


Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson. Emme hat, white felt, red-banded. Shoes, Fiancées.

Facing page: Navy-blue dress to wear under a coat now, unaccompanied (by coat, anyway) later—sheer wool, easily shaped, shorter.

By Dorothy O'Hara, in Stevens worsted; about \$60. Dobuler handbag. Both, at Arnold Constable. Dress, also at Marshall Field; Joseph Magnin. Sally Victor polka-dot turban.

Mademoiselle shoes: Lord & Taylor.





Night brighteners: new short forms

To light up a night sky this season — new outbursts of colour in chiffon. Here, two of the brightest: a short chiffon evening dress in high-potency orange, with its own cashmere overmatter; a late-day chiffon dress printed largely with very red roses. In both cases, a new heightened hemline.

Left: Bright orange silk chiffon dress with gathered top, short airy skirt. Over it, an orange cashmere sweater, embroidered in chiffon leaves and beads. By Rudolf; at Jay Thorpe; Burdine's; I. Magnin. Andrew Geller shoes.

Right: Radiant red roses, printed on a narrow dress of silk chiffon over rayon crêpe, with easy fit, backed by a cowl neckline. By Marjorie Michael; about \$90 at Milgrim; Leon Frohsin; Harzfeld's. Mademoiselle shoes.



PRIGENT

Day looks, based firmly on the classic: middied tops, pleats, white dabs on spring-sky blue—a fresh new alternate to navy.
Left: Norfolk jacket over a camisole-top dress—both blue; the pleats (leap-froggable, if desired) start just where the jacket stops. By Sunny Lee, of blue Crown Soap 'n' Water rayon fabric; \$11 at Best's.
Centre: Blue dress with sub-waist band and bow, pleats all around. By Cinderella, of rayon-and-silk (Folker fabric); \$8 at Altman's.
Right: Short belted jacket over a pleated skirt, white bodice. By Joseph Love, of corded cotton; poplin by Wellington Sears. \$11 at Lord & Taylor. These dresses, also at I. Magnin. Milan Bretons, here and on the next two pages, by John Frederics, at Lord & Taylor.

For 7 to 12's: day



looks, party looks

Party looks, with a softer silhouette—the bodices fitted; the skirts full, unstiffened. Colours here: same blue and white. *Left:* Party dress in bachelor-button blue, banded and yoked in white. A column of buttons marches down the blue part; the skirt, full. A Sophie Original, of Moygashel linen; \$15 at Saks Fifth Ave. *Centre:* White ribbed cotton, lined up with blue hair-ribbon stripes. The narrowest lace edges the neck and sleeves; the skirt is softly shirred to a tucked waist. By RAR; \$9 at Bloomingdale's. *Right:* Dotted swiss that's also plaid—blue and white—and banded in blue cotton satin. By Youngland; \$11 at Altman's. Shoes on these two and the following two pages, by Capezio; at Lord & Taylor.



Blue-sky wardrobe for a distinguished little girl

LORNA HYDE

Above: A beauty in the growing—Lorna Hyde, here making angels' music, and modelling the wardrobe on this page. Her distinctions: hazel eyes, long chestnut hair, a slender, long-limbed grace. She's eleven years old; in the sixth grade. Here, and at right, Lorna wears an elegant pale-blue party dress with a straight front that's buttoned, scalloped, tucked; at back, a little string belt. By Children's House, made of Avisco rayon (Folker fabric). \$18. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's.



Opposite page, below, right: Lorna poses here with a furred friend (name of Bubi), wearing the coat she's thinking of for spring—although it's warm enough to be worn a little sooner. Blue wool—a pretty delft blue shade—with a smart slim shape, heightened lapels, loose belt at the back. By Bambury. \$25, at Best's; Hudson's; Marshall Field.

Below, left: For Young People's Concert, perhaps—pale-blue dress with a middy-length buttoned bodice, white collar and cuffs, skirtful of pleats. Rayon-and-raw silk (a Crown Soap 'n' Water fabric). \$18. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus.

Below, right: Lorna's spring suit—deeper blue; the Norfolk jacket and skirt pleated here. By Gail Berk of slubbed rayon; \$15. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus.





Five new girdles to be worn *lower*, extending their control down onto the thighs—accommodating new silhouettes that demand slimness at this point.

Above: Girdle that starts at the hipbone, dipping lower at back, trimming thighs. By Character, of elasticized silk; \$25, at Bergdorf Goodman.

Upper right: Girdle that curves down at the sides, over thighs; reinforced by pie-shaped panels. By Nemo Kops, of nylon power net; \$11, at Altman's.

Lower right: Pantie girdle with hip-yoke that slims. By Perma-lift, of nylon power net, satin woven with Lastex. \$12.50, at Bloomingdale's.

Below: Longer-legged pantie girdle with sides that stretch only down. By Jantzen, of nylon power net, elasticized satin; \$11, at Bloomingdale's.

Opposite page: News here—a split-level girdle, the reinforced back and sides inches longer than the front (for minimizing thighs). By Fortuna, of nylon lace and nylon power net, satin woven with Lastex. \$12.50, at Altman's; Neiman-Marcus.





RUTLEDGE

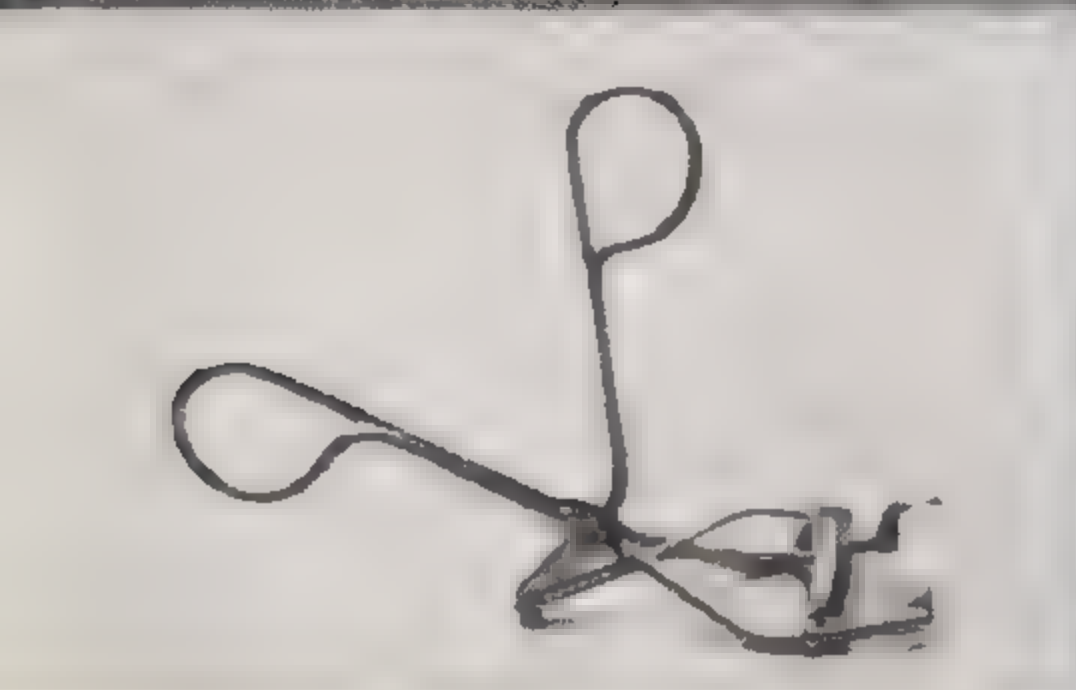
New girdles: pointing the way to chemiserie



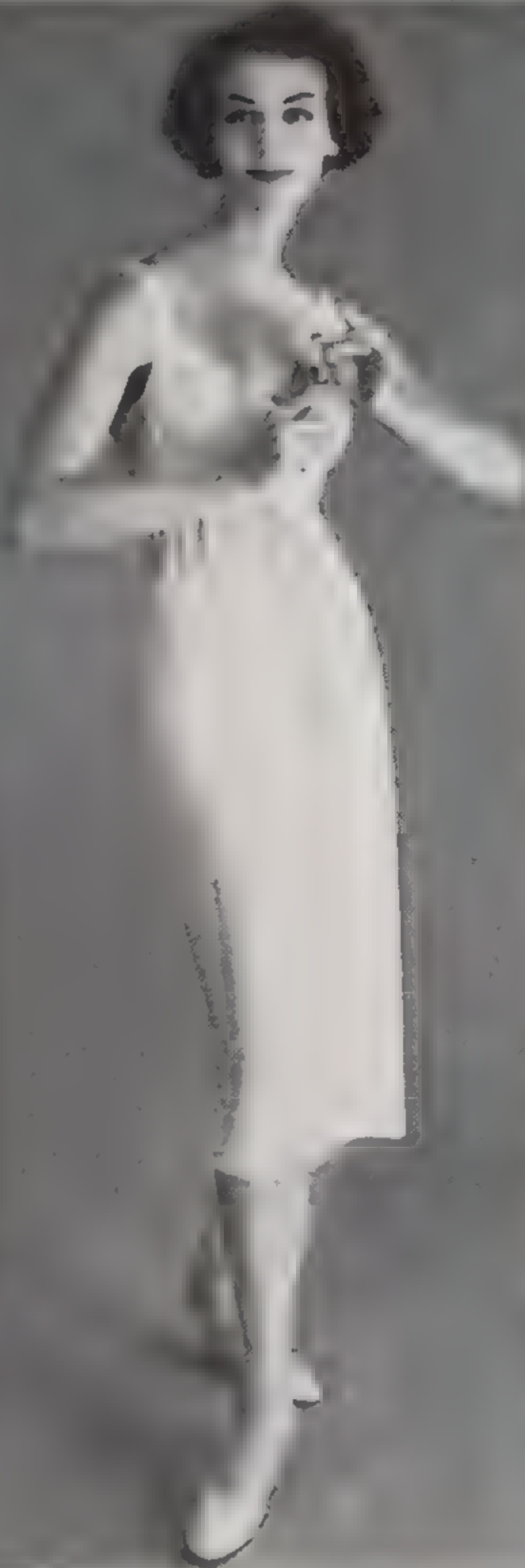
Below: Fresh cleanser, Bonne Belle Ten-O-Six Lotion. 6 oz., \$2.25*. Bloomingdale's. Also fresh—mint-green trimming on a short nightgown of white Dacron-nylon-cotton. By Strutwear.



Above: Lanvin talcum powder, in the famous scents; 3¼ oz., \$2*. Saks Fifth Ave. *Left:* Petti-skirt, lace-embroidered, in a luscious new colour—papaya; of nylon tricot. By Van Raalte; \$4. Altman's.



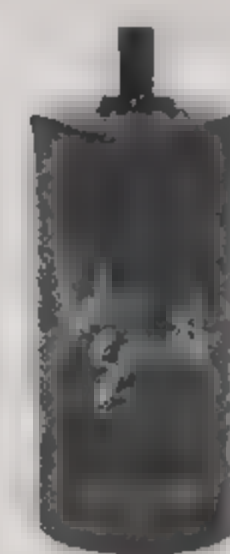
Above: Butterflies on white nylon tricot; scalloped petti-skirt (\$6), bandeau (\$2.25). By Vanity Fair. Lord & Taylor. To give eyelashes an upward sweep—Maybelline's eyelash curler. \$1.



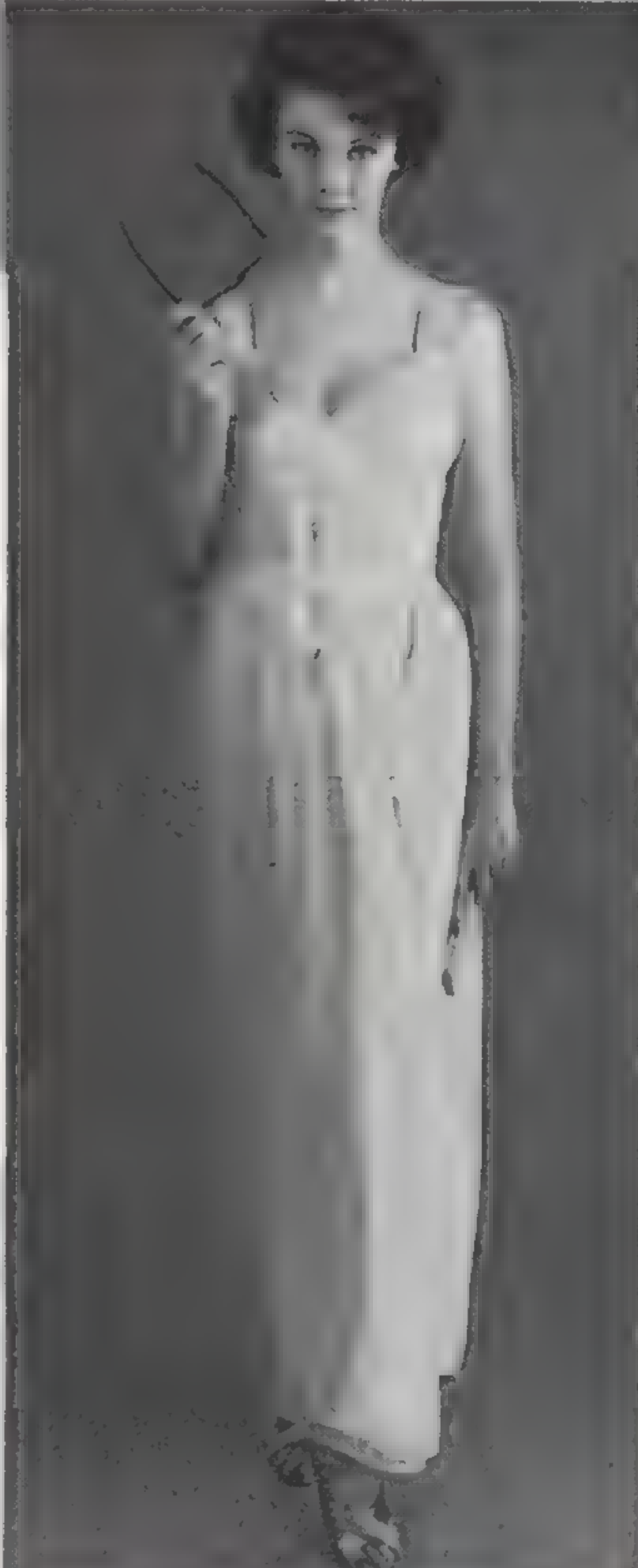
Below: For readers-in-bed—half-glasses; light, comfortable plastic frames. By May; \$12. Kobley & Stern. Long, panelled nightgown in lotus-yellow nylon tricot. By Kayser; \$9. At Best's.



Above: Nice way to wake up: in this long nightgown of white Dacron-nylon-and-cotton. By Strutwear. *Next step*—applying Elizabeth Arden's Velva Smooth. 16 oz., \$8*. Bloomingdale's.



Left: White petticoat with lace, blue French knots; in Dacron-nylon-cotton. By Trilium; \$6. Altman's. *Below:* Mist-on version of Ciro's fragrant Doux Jasmin; 4 oz., \$3.50*. Altman's.



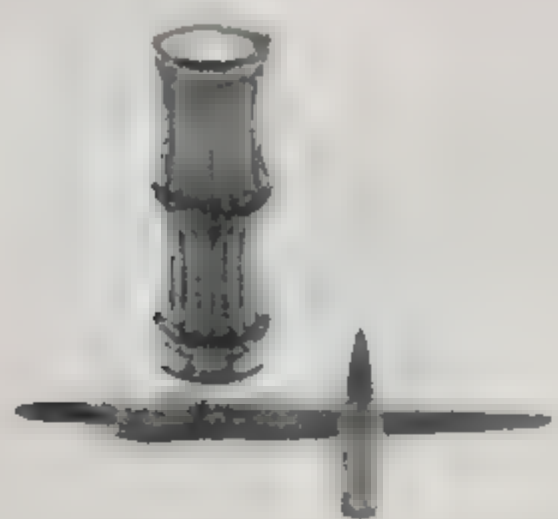
Above: Long white nightgown, blue embroidery. By Artemis, in Berkshire Hathaway Dacron-nylon-and-cotton; \$9. At Lord & Taylor. Aziza's Mascara Remover Pads, \$1.25*. Bonwit Teller.



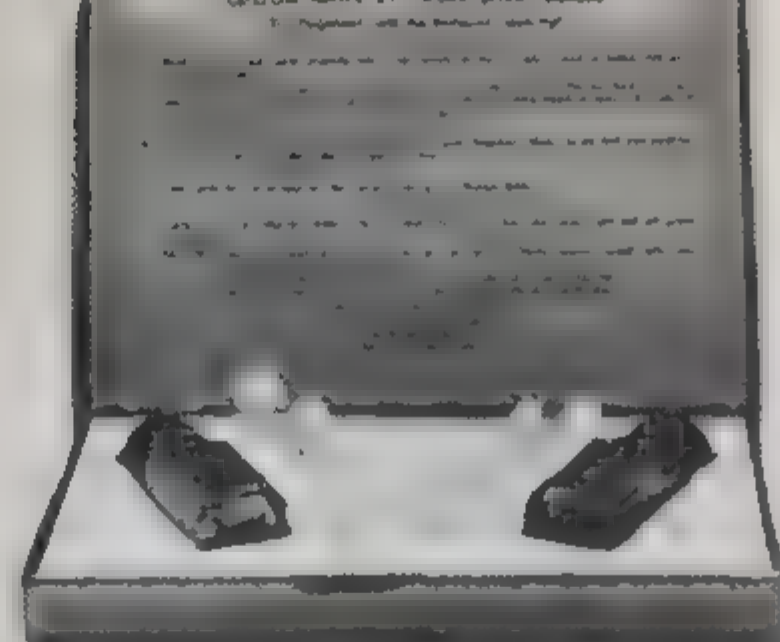
Right: How to weigh in without cold feet—chrome scale, Orlon-and-nylon fleece padding. By Borg; \$20. Altman's. *Weighing in here*—nylon tricot petti-slip in two shades of yellow. By Kayser; \$6. Best's.



Right: Ready for rising hemlines—a new short chemise. White, satiny-textured nylon. By Barbizon; \$6. Altman's.
Below: For Marie Earle lipstick: a slender “jade” brush. \$2*. Lilly Daché Boutique.



Above: New replacements for frail or broken fingernails—extra-strong false ones, imported from France, that fit securely, stay on. Lock-Tip Custom Nails; \$7.50*. Lord & Taylor.
Right: On the lady acquiring new nails—a slender white petti-skirt in nylon, Dacron, Cordura rayon. By Barbizon; \$6. Altman's.



28 good buys— all beauties

Left: Dreamy nightgown in hibiscus-pink nylon tricot, nylon chiffon. By Munsingwear; \$6. Arnold Constable.
Below: Perfume in cream form—Tussy's “Midnight,” remarkably long-lasting. ½ oz., \$1.25*. Bloomingdale's.



Left: White nylon tricot petti-coat; extra-tall lengths. By Faerie Lingerie; \$6. Altman's.
Above: New preparations for the ankles (one ingredient is seaweed); Chevilles Fines kit. \$3.50*. Ella Baché.

Right: Nightgown, papaya nylon tricot; by Van Raalte. \$7. Macy's. Capezio slippers.
Below: Now in tablet form—the Swedish Milk Diet; tablets, plus milk, take the place of meals. \$3. Stern's.



Above: March winds needn't make hair distraught, with these at hand: Breck Hair Set Mist, in an 11-oz. spray can (\$2*); a hairbrush that's easy to grasp. \$2.75. Altman's.
Right: Pink-on-white nightgown spun of an airy Dacron-and-cotton-voile (a Wamsutta fabric). By Fantasy; \$9. Lord & Taylor.



GOSSIPY MEMO ON TRAVEL

Six places on three continents

Especially in the silvery-green Italian spring, the Umbrian hill town of Orvieto, on a sheer rise of volcanic rock, seems to float like a cloud city in a Chinese painting. Most of the city is built of the same volcanic rock, except for the Cathedral, which is horizontally striped in black and white marble. In the Cathedral is the Brizio chapel with its extraordinary Signorelli frescoes of the Last Judgment. Orvieto, like Avignon, has a Palace of the Popes, once used as a refuge by beleaguered prelates, now a museum notable for its collection of Etruscan artifacts. The Grand Hotel Reale, a *palazzo* with frescoed ceilings and chambers evoking Baudelaire's "luxe, calme, et volupté," has double rooms with bath for about \$7.50 a day without meals.

Alta, in the Wasatch mountains of Utah, has, according to skiers, some of the best powder snow going. Not for snow bunnies (ride and slide beginners), its fluffy slopes are skiable from October into May; its altitude climbs from 8,500 feet in Alta to 11,000 feet at the top of the lift. Three chair lifts serve the runs—Peruvian, Bearpaw, Wildcat, Collins Face, and Stone Crusher; Watson's Shelter, at the top of one lift, provides lunch for skiers. Alta's comfortable camaraderie is reflected in its lodges, Alta, Rustler, Peruvian which make no attempt at luxury; each takes about fifty-five guests. The famous Norwegian skier, Alf Engen, runs the ski school; two-hour lessons cost \$2.50. The lodges, equally modest in price, and therefore jammed during the season, charge around \$8.50 a day, a person with meals.

Nairobi, spread like a dappled cloth over a high tableland in Africa's Kenya, has, in spite of a rumpled look, a hum of glamour. White hunters, movie stars on location, plantation owners from reasonably nearby farms, and assorted travellers fill the lobby of the sprawling, red-brick Norfolk Hotel, which has a verandah and guest cottages hung with pink and purple bougainvillea. Dark servants in white uniforms, who are everywhere, call men guests "Bwana." The hotel's luncheon buffet was described by Robert Ruark in *Something of Value* as "great slabs of underdone roast beef on delicate green lettuce leaves . . . curled-edged pink ham of York . . . little cold pigeons in the aspic . . . crayfish salad from Mombasa." At night, practically everyone dresses up. Meals are included in the rate of \$8 a person a day. For dancing in town, there is the dark, small Equator Club with a jazzy native band, maroon-fezzed waiters, and jungly upholstery of cobra and leopard skins. Out on the burnished Athi Plains, lions, zebras, and giraffes saunter within focus of car-caged photographers.

About one hundred miles north of Nairobi, at the famous Treetops Hotel in a fig tree in Aberdare forest one dines on a verandah high above a water hole, watching hippos, elephants, and rhinos come to drink. Burned and rebuilt since the famous night when Princess Elizabeth learned there that she was Queen, the Treetops, on moonless nights, obligingly produces an artificial moon. Once guests go aloft, the ladder is pulled up, and they stay the night. (About \$25 for one.) BOAC flies from New York to Nairobi with a connecting link in London and stopovers in Rome, Athens, Bengazi, Khartoum, and Entebbe. Round trip: \$1,521 first-class; \$1,125 tourist.

Motels, long the delight of free-wheeling Americans, are now delighting Europeans. In Switzerland, on the Lausanne-Geneva road at Mies, La Buna has, apart from cottages with baths, radio and central heating, cooking and laundry facilities, and a cafeteria. Open all year. The charge for two is about \$4 a night, tax and service included. In Interlaken, near Brienz, where Byron once stayed, Le Motel d'Interlaken opens its large rooms from Easter to mid-October. There is a bar, a restaurant, and a kiosk where motorists may buy provisions. For two, \$6.50 a night, including tax and service.

Making a splash: these Young Successes —————→

Opposite: One favourite new palette of the young out shopping for colour—and in its cheery way a sort of manifesto of the brave new world just inside a good many front doors, these days. What it promises: rooms splashed all over with year-round sunshine—saffron yellows, persimmon, and hot pinks. Clockwise, here, from the upper right-hand corner: striped cotton, \$3.40 a yard at Brunswick & Fils.* Cabbage roses on cotton satin by Everfast with Everglaze crease resistance, \$2.50 a yard; Lord & Taylor. Matte-finished cowhide, about 75c a square foot, plus tax, through members of the Upholstery Leather Group. An upholstery mix, by Cohama, of cotton, rayon, and acetate; \$5 a yard at Altman's. A swath of saffron yellow felt (wool-and-rayon) by the Continental Felt Company. About \$3 a yard at Macy's. A cotton twill print: \$5.65 a yard; Brunswick & Fils.* Plaided cotton satin, by Everfast with Everglaze crease resistance; \$2.50 a yard at Lord & Taylor. Saffron burlap at 89c a yard: Bon Bazar. *THROUGH DECORATORS

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING

*Young
successes
in colour*



*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabrics or draperies shown here.

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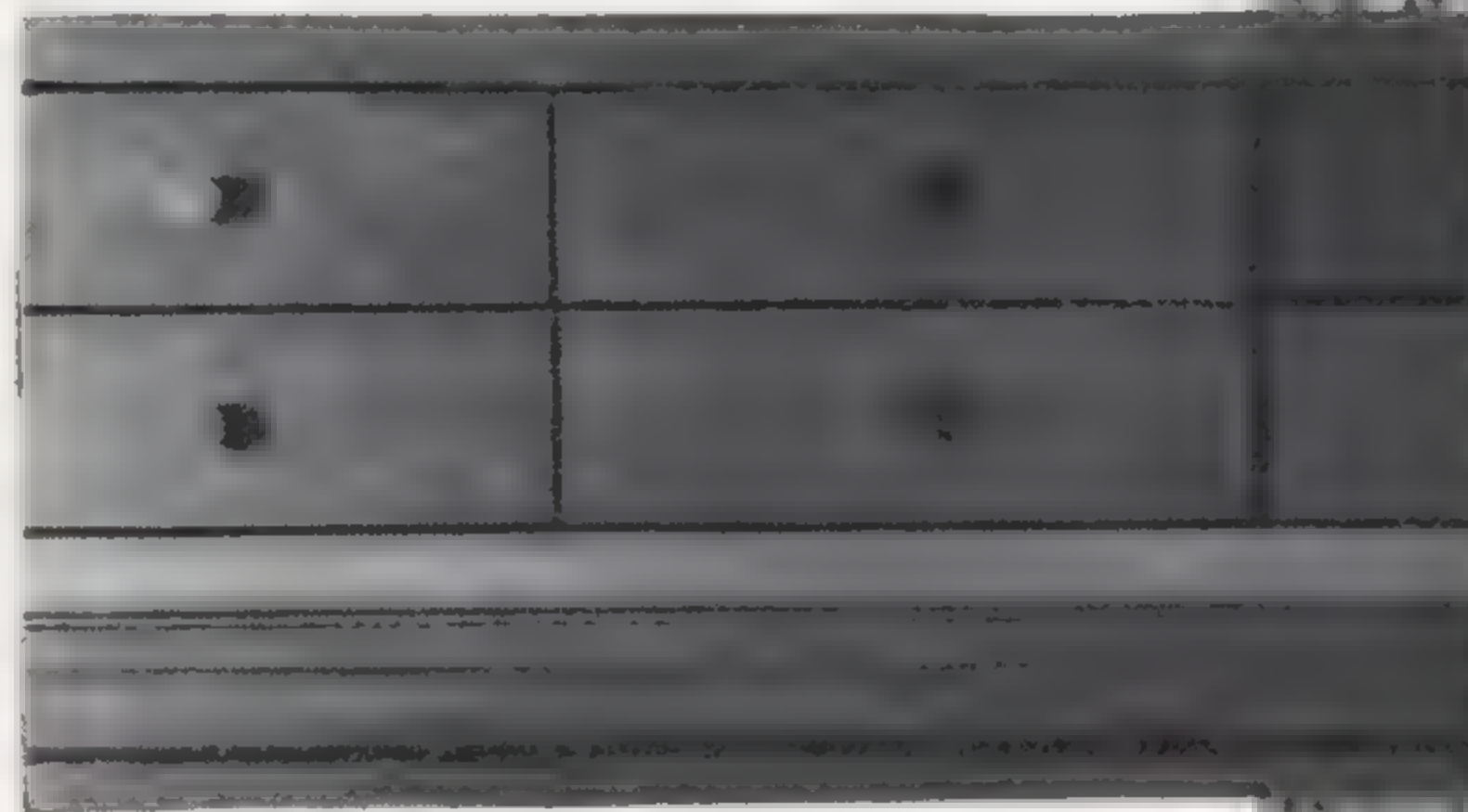
Young Successes

What they are and how they happen

• What does it take to make a rug, a silver pattern, or a piece of furniture a Young Success, these days? That's what Vogue set out to investigate, some weeks ago, and this is what we found: today's young householders are developing a more-taste-than-money approach that's all their own. They tend to steer clear of rules and ready-made "decorator" schemes. They're not terribly interested in decorating by period—*any* period, up to and including the officially modern. They prefer their own individual, even accidental, mixtures of new and old, and show an assurance and unselfconsciousness about these preferences that is new and newsworthy. • They have even sparked their own style: the young "transitional," a special subdivision of the trend away from the terse, tense, angular kind of modern and toward a more relaxed and, at the same time, more elegant kind of design—often using beautiful woods, and sometimes borrowing from the past. "Young transitional" can, and frequently does, apply to anything that doesn't fit into either the strictly traditional or strictly contemporary patterns. Here the Shaker influence, for example (reported in Vogue last month), and the graceful, clean-swept lines of modern Danish design find a common meeting ground. The captain's chair, too, which lends itself to young transitional design, has become a favourite all across the country. • There is also a decided revival of interest in the traditional *per se*—a clear reversal of the trend of even a few years ago. The antique buff of today, instead of the Helen Hokinson lady of a certain age, is apt to be someone in his or her twenties, with a knowledgeable eye to make up for limited funds in the bank. Again, the furniture-makers have followed the trail: linenfold panels, painted provincial chests, and ladderback chairs are to be had in factory- (Continued on next page)

The eagle: one of the year's surprise Young Successes; the one here is \$75 at Altman's.

Bench-high chest from Paul McCobb's "Planner Group." About \$75. Bloomingdale's.



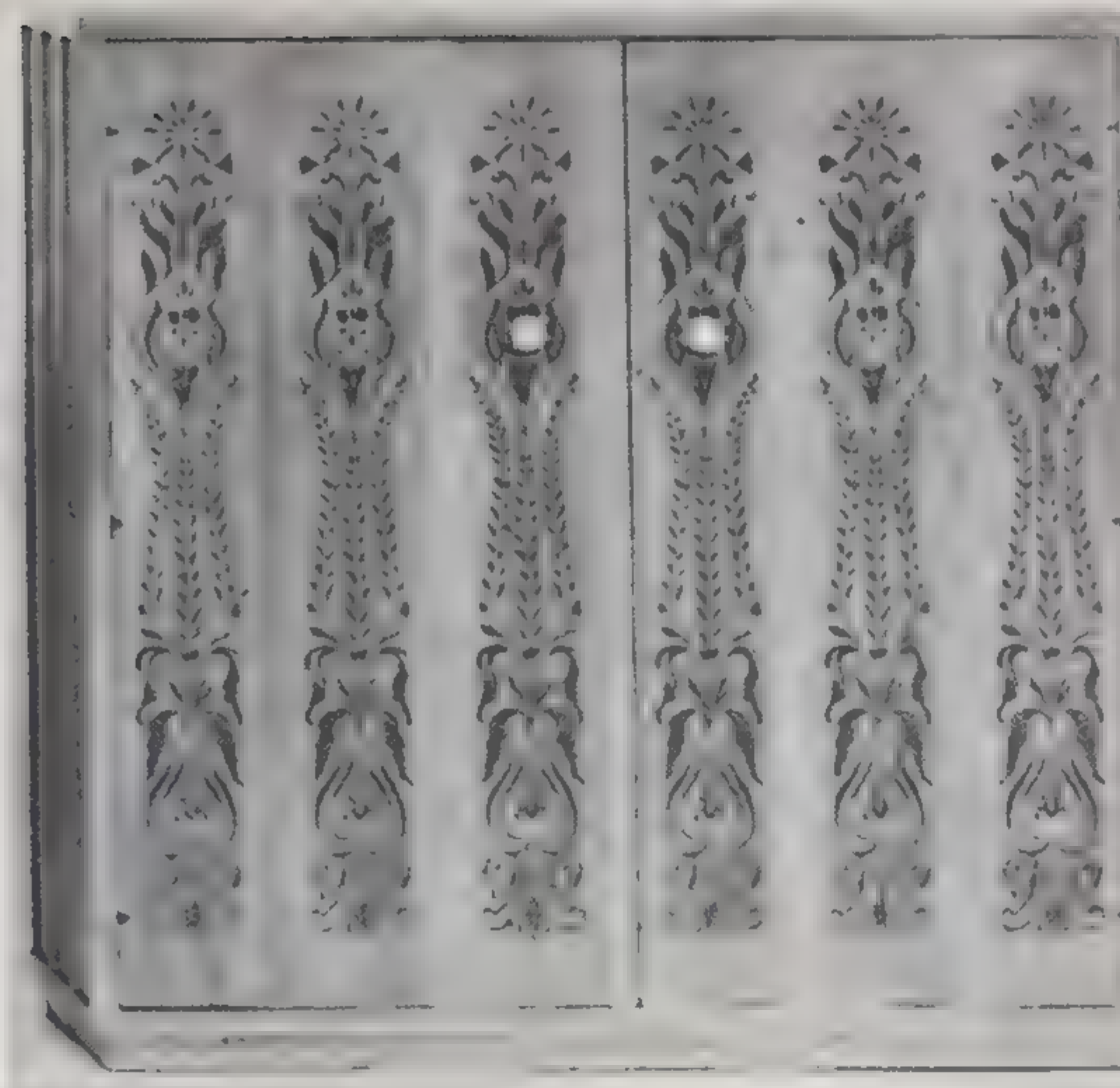
HERBERT MATTER

Champagne taste in fabric:
Italian matelassé. \$8 a yard at Macy's.

Furniture: back to people-size



Petal-shaped armchair by Bertoia.
\$117 to order at Knoll Associates.



From the Colonial: Spanish colonial, left, in a chest by Drexel. \$125 at Macy's.

Right, U.S. colonial, in a chest by Baumritter. \$74. Altman's.

Far right: Two-for-the-money chest designed by Young Family. \$120 from Huffman & Boyle.



The baker's rack— profiled, right.

\$129 at Altman's.

YOUNG SUCCESSES *continued*

made versions with correspondingly low price tags. One of the year's surprise Young Successes, as it happens, is the carved and gilded wooden eagle—a bit of Federal Americana currently available in handsome reproductions. Another is the French baker's rack, a gracefully scrolled appurtenance now frequently found, in wrought-iron copies, filling the function of bookshelf in young households. In some cases the reproductions are of non-existent originals: it is now possible to buy an authentically styled Early American (or French Provincial or Georgian) room divider. • With all this enthusiasm for traditional design, there is also apparently a tendency to re-establish a somewhat more formal living pattern. The large, bare living-dining room, furnished only with stacked cushions and a hi-fi set, seems to be giving way to a less casual setting—separate dining rooms, for example, are on the rebound. (And, with big and bigger families, so is the nursery.) For some reason, possibly associated with the fact of bigger families, the round dining table has come into its own after years of neglect, closely followed by the long, narrow "harvest" table. Some of the new round tables are being made slightly lower than before—levelled off at a sort of "transitional" height, somewhere between the coffee table and the regulation dining table. In this case, the chairs are scaled down, too. In fact, the scaling-down principle extends to smaller armchairs and lower, sometimes just bench-high, chests. Forerunners of this last group include the Italian *cassone*, or wedding chest, as well as the British campaign chest and its Japanese predecessors, most of which may be found at prices within reach of young antique-hounds. Possibly the trend to scaled-down furniture of this kind is a reaction against the exaggerated dimensions of the so-called "reception-room modern." The new furniture is back down to people-size. • Much of the foregoing—the liking for traditional and transitional design, as well as the (Continued on page 139)




The "fur" rug: Acrilan, by Cabin Crafts. \$16 from Bloomingdale's.




Shaker influence, coming by ladder-back: chair by Baumritter. \$23.50, from Altman's.





New material influences: white plastic, black lacquer. The chair, \$60 at Altman's.



The figure in the carpet: Spanish, here. Rug, 6' x 9', \$169. Lord & Taylor.



Sterling silver: the grand style

"Onslow" knife from Lord & Taylor;
Gorham's "Strasbourg" spoon; Altman's.


Embroidery, a
new flowering:
Belgian linen
bridge set, \$12.50
at Macy's.



Bigger lamps:

this, \$18 at W & J Sloane.

HERBERT
MATTER



Elegance: fruitwood and simulated parquetry in Tomlinson's "Sophisticates Group." Three tables, \$129. W & J Sloane.

A round table: Micarta top, a star-like base. \$100 via decorators at Herman Miller.

MORE YOUNG SUCCESSES

Young success, gilt-edged (left) in Lenox china. Dinner plate, \$5.75. Altman's.



Wanted in bulk: heavier glassware. \$7 for a 40-glass set. Bloomingdale's.

New choice in lighting: the chandelier in new young form (top). This, milk glass and teak, by Raymor. \$21. Bloomingdale's. Right: Wallpaper roller-into-lamp, news again. \$45. Altman's.



A return to tradition: 18th-century design in a mahogany-veneered dining table, 4 chairs, at card-table prices (this, \$109 at W & J Sloane).

U. S. election: Danish design.



HERBERT MATTER



Taller lamps: up to nine feet in this instance—a pole lamp; \$20 at Macy's.



New young angle: the less angular modern.

Danish teak chair, plastic-covered. \$109. Macy's.



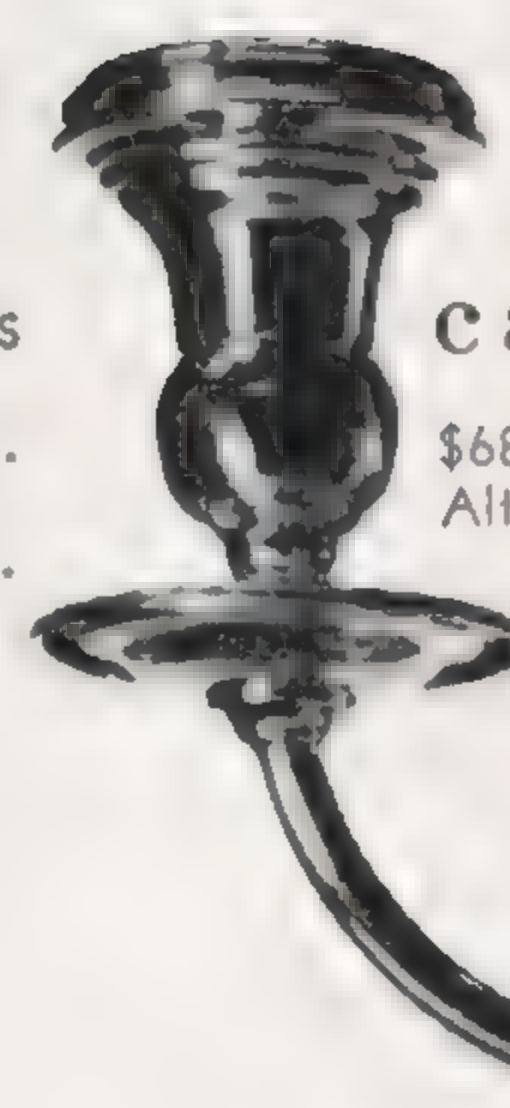
Hepplewhite, scaled-down: bow-front mahogany bachelor's chest. \$98 at W & J Sloane.



Table and chair of oiled walnut. Founder's Furniture. About \$90 and \$48. Bloomingdale's



Now as ever: goblets of Waterford crystal. \$6 each at Altman's.



Young fixture: silver candelabra.

\$68* a pair, silver-plated. Altman's.

new formality—goes along with what has already been pinned down as a discovery of elegance by the younger generation. This is expressed in luxe, even sumptuous materials—shiny dark mahogany and, in contemporary pieces, hand-rubbed and oiled walnut and teak. Lacquer is much in demand, and so is leather (or, failing that, leather-like plastic), as an upholstery material. The young buy handsome, and often expensive, French and Italian upholstery brocades and damasks and matelassés. They like fluffy, fur-like rugs—in un-furlike pastel colours—and they have re-introduced patterned rugs, especially those of the Moroccan persuasion, which can be found now in modern and relatively inexpensive copies. As a way of masking an undistinguished floor, wall-to-wall carpeting continues in popularity. This year's young brides show, too, a decided predilection for fine china, lead crystal, embroidered linens, and sterling silver—the heavier the better, and frequently patterned after rococo and even baroque motifs. Branched silver candelabra are popular to the point of being a new young fad.

• Tradition or transition, the young are making their preferences felt. Firms catering very particularly to young tastes—and pocketbooks—have multiplied; others find young wishes well worth listening to. Paul McCobb's Planner's Group, for instance, now nine years old and a Young Success in itself. Herman Miller, whose metal-wood combinations have become modern classics. Ethan Allen-Baumritter, makers of Colonial-influence pieces, currently much in favour with the young, and Drexel's Declaration Group, whose captain's chair is another Young Success. For American versions of the Danish Modern, there is Founders' Furniture, and for almost anything at all—rugs, lamps and furniture—the Young Family Group, reported by Vogue last year.



The classics in colour: modular steel frame case units, desk and chest, with lemon-yellow fronts. \$175 and \$150 via decorators. Herman Miller.



Young success in the kitchen

This small apartment kitchen, designed by Anthony Hail, banks its all on the strictly functional—with a few surprises. The view here: a combination work-dining area, equipped to make the most of a Lilliputian floor plan. The table is a butcher's chopping block, scrubbed bone-white and mounted on iron legs. Over it hangs a tin honeycomb for wines. And over *that*, a pair of antlers (surprise number one—you find the others). The Bertolia chairs are covered in easy-to-clean white plastic and padded with fire-red linen.

The flavour

BY PETER POWEL

*Crois-tu que c'est rien—
Dis, Parisien!
D'avoir rassembler pour ses hôtes
Et ces fruits des jardins, et ces fruits de la mer,
Et d'en avoir fait ce paysage?
Si, c'est l'odeur qui s'en dégage
Qui te gêne, mon cher.
C'est fort dommage.
Reste donc à la porte avec les importuns.
Pour vous, c'est une odeur; pour nous, c'est un parfum.*
—VICTOR PETIT, 1926

It has been my lot to spend many years along the Mediterranean shores, and to profit by the skill and imagination of the local cooks. It is in the cooking of fish that the cooks of that region seem to me to reach the height of their perfection. Their art has transformed me from a simple disciple of Izaak Walton to an ardent lover of the finished product.

My wife and I once had a vineyard in Provence, and I still remember the fish soup our cook made. Anything she took along the shore was fish for her pot: crabs, little cuttlefish, sea anemones, tiny fish, even that red jellylike object she scraped off rocks and called a sea tomato. All of it she would anoint with oil and boil in a pot with saffron, and with the herbs she plucked, wild and fresh, along the road back to our *cabanon*, thyme, fennel, and rosemary. After boiling awhile, she would remove the fish, crush them in a mortar, and strain back through a cloth into the pot, then add some noodles and a bit of grated Swiss cheese. When the memory becomes too strong, I make the same wherever I can scrape up a little fruit out of the sea.

Off the coast of Liguria on certain nights, the sea will be alive with tiny fish, about one inch long. From San Remo a little fleet of small craft, some with four oarsmen, some with five horsepower engines, will put to sea. Luring the fish within netting distance by the glare of acetylene flares, the fishermen scoop them up in silken nets.

Travellers who lunch at the Lanterna, right on the wharf at San Remo, will be in for a treat, and may have anyone from a sailor to Winston Churchill as a fellow guest. After they have had an *apéritif* on the terrace, the waiter will bring

Some important principles,
plus eleven recipes, including sauces.

of the Mediterranean

those tiny fish cooked in some mysterious way: not fried, not stuck together, but each one intact and perfect. I imagine the fish are simply steamed, to be served with a sauce of olive oil, lemon juice, and freshly chopped green herbs.

Up a little side street is the Marinara, a small place with a funiculi-funicula band, and walls covered with murals of undersea life. Anything there will be tops. They make a superb *fritto misto*. To make one, deep fry any or every small fish, with pieces of larger ones to eke out. I mean any kind, fresh- or salt-water: smelts, whitebait, minnows, dace. Any and all are good, as well as little shrimps too small to be cooked alone as *scampi*. Serve them with slices of lemon.

Most Americans seem to lose all interest in a fish once they have landed it. No wonder, it has so often been served up in a dull, unappetizing form, very likely fried in a thick crust of bread crumbs or even corn meal.

How different from *raytes*, *aiolis*, *bourrides*, and *bouillabaisse*. They are all easy to make in this country.

General principles

The fish, of course, must be cleaned and scaled, except the very tiniest. Small ones, two inches long, can be cleaned by pinching out the gills, and pressing the insides empty. Fish are more presentable if served with heads and tails still on, the gills removed. Wash and wipe bone dry. Fresh-water fish with large scales are best skinned and filleted, to get rid of any taste from algae lodged in the scale roots. The basic cooking methods are frying, broiling, baking, and boiling.

Frying: This is the trickiest way of all, and there are two distinct methods: deep frying and pan frying, often called *sautéing*. The latter is cooking with a little fat, not in a flimsy frying pan, but in a robust skillet of heavy metal, cast iron or aluminum, tinned heavy copper, or the heaviest enamelware. The sides flare to allow steam to escape, while the heavy bottom distributes heat evenly. This is essential. Not over a quarter inch of fat should be used. The French call such a skillet a *sauteuse*. Salt is used after cooking; other condiments may be used before. Very little, if any, flour is needed to help browning. The fish should never be encased in a thick coating of absorbent material like bread crumbs or meal to soak up the grease.

Deep frying is just that: frying in deep enough fat to submerge the fish entirely. It is better to fry in several batches than to have the pieces touching each other or the sides of the kettle. The fat had best be vegetable oil, and hot, really hot—a piece of parsley thrown in should snap enthusiastically. Again: only a little flour.

Broiling: The fish should be gashed crossways, mari-

nated in oil, and then placed in the broiler. Cook under a gas or electric flame, or better, over charcoal. The very best method of all is to broil the fish over the coals remaining after burning the branches gathered at the annual pruning of grape vines. The Provençal calls them *les sarments de vigne*, and treasures them.

Baking is very simple. The fish should be well moistened in olive oil, and can be stuffed as desired. Fennel is a very common Mediterranean stuffing. Baste while cooking, add butter or oil, if required, season to taste. Baking in an oven is often used to finish off some other form of cookery, usually for some sort of cream sauce, with sprinkled cheese to brown.

Boiling or poaching: Fish are usually boiled or poached in one of four basic court bouillons. All are started alike. Into cold water go slices of carrots, onions, shallots, garlic (if you like), such spices and herbs as celery, parsley, fennel, bay leaf, cloves, salt and pepper. If the fish is too large to go entirely into the boiler, the head and tail should be cut off and put in. Bring to a boil and add either one part of white wine, one part of vinegar, or one part of red wine. The fish cooked in red wine, usually fresh-water ones, are called *au bleu* or *en matelote*. Boil the court bouillon for a half hour, then strain before putting in the fish. Another court bouillon is made by using boiling milk, which is added after the vegetables and spices have been cooked and the court bouillon strained. It is used mostly for fresh herring or sole.

The use of a regular fish boiler is advised. If one is not on hand, the fish should be slung in a hammock of cheesecloth, and poached rather than boiled, to avoid breaking it. As soon as the flesh is loose from the bones, the fish is done.

A word about sauces

A wonderful sauce has never yet made an outstanding dish if the fish itself is not properly prepared. But if both are equally good, and complement each other, it will be *un vrai mariage d'amour*, as I once heard an epicure in Toulon describe a grilled mullet, sauce remoulade.

Remoulade sauce is good on any grilled or boiled fish. To prepare, hash together onions, parsley, capérs, and tarragon. Add one egg yolk and a teaspoonful of Dijon mustard for each person, and proceed as for an ordinary mayonnaise, either by dropping the olive oil in slowly by hand or by using an electric mixer.

If making remoulade, or any other emulsion such as *aioli*, by hand, it will be found that four hands are better than two. One stirs, one drops in the oil, and two steady the pot.

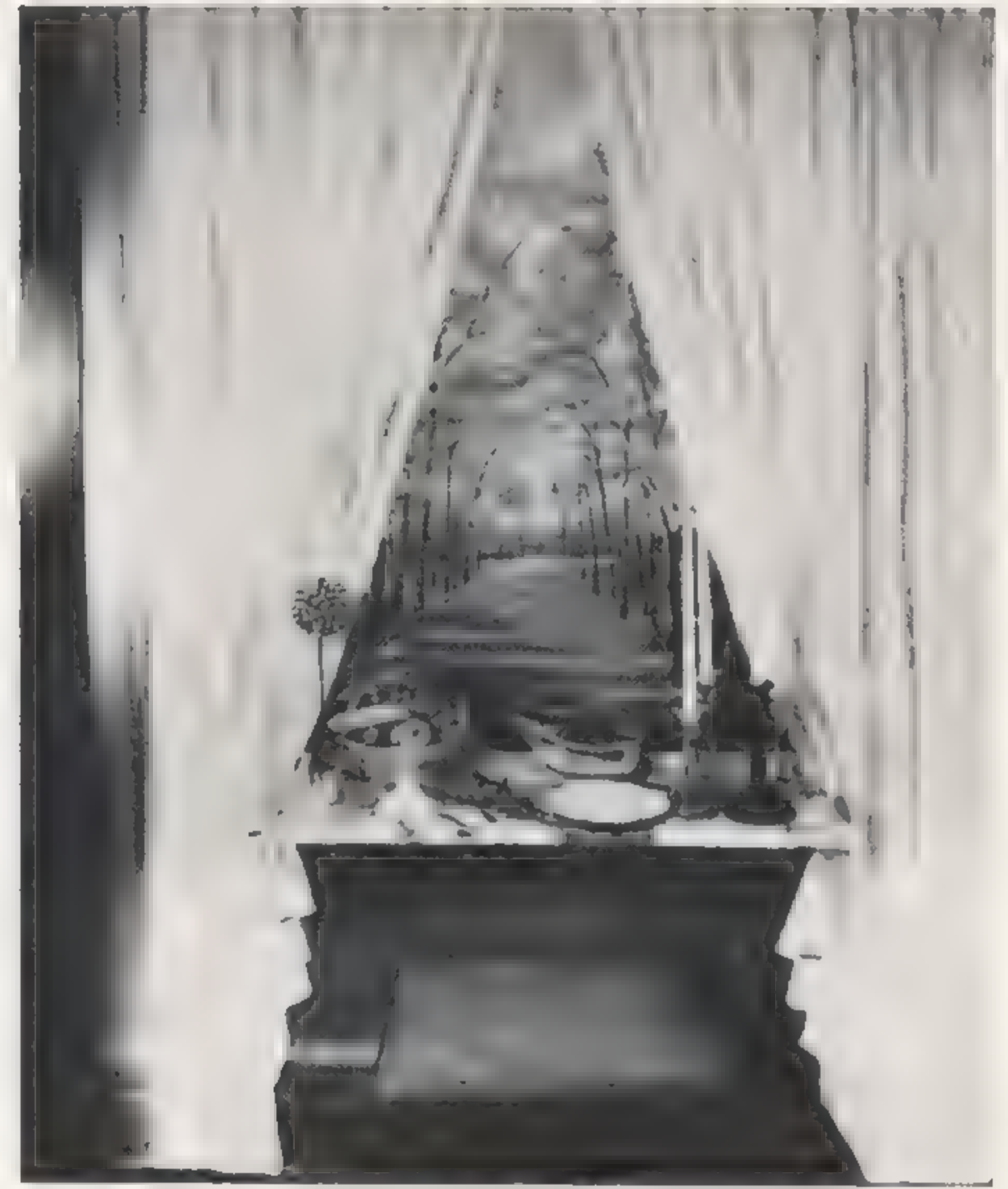
Loup flambé au fenouil

This dish which calls for a small bonfire right on the table is not only a *pièce de résistance*, (Continued on page 145)

10x10 dining room set in a pseudo-park

In the New York apartment of Mr. Inman Cook, an artist and advertising designer, this small, square dining room has one real window, two "views" that depend on the eye of the beholder—a park that isn't there, seen through windows that aren't there, veiled by curtains that aren't there—all an optical illusion accomplished by two painted murals. The effect, of course, is dining in the park—with none of a park's outdoorsy hazards.

Black, russet, and white striped wallpaper gives the high ceiling the look of a canopy, adding breadth, subtracting height by dropping down onto the walls. The real-window wall (between the two painted-window walls) was covered by real curtains of black and white striped mattress ticking, parted to show sheer white under-curtains that hang to the window sill, disguising the fact that, here, there's no view at all. The sill has been marbled (again, a trick of paint), and made into a serving shelf. Most of the room's colour is in the murals, painted by Richard West in natural blues and greens. The furniture—French provincial chairs of fruitwood with caned backs, mellow brown leather cushions. A marbled console shelf is set below one painted window, with the painted curtains draped artfully around it. This shelf holds a small clutter of treasures—running mainly to old glass candlesticks and boxes. The round table (covered here by a fringed cloth and set for two with Gorham Old English Tipt silver, Lenox china, Val St. Lambert crystal) seats four or—with the addition of a folding top—six, an amiable number for Mr. Cook's favourite party, the Sunday luncheon.



Window, curtains, and view—all painted

Sunday luncheon menu, a Cook's favourite: Quiche Lorraine; a salad of whole tomatoes peeled and chilled, with water cress, tarragon, parsley, chives. With this, Vouvray wine. Dessert: Macédoine of strawberries, wild strawberry jam, slivered almonds, kirsch—served with chocolate leaves, espresso coffee.



Mr. Cook's dining room, showing the real window behind the table, another trompe-l'œil window with a view of park at the right

BALKIN

HOW TO HAVE VERY GOOD LEGS

(Continued from page 86)

or by local injections of a sclerosing agent to close off or obliterate the veins. Doctors consider both measures safe; both eliminate completely those nasty tortuous bulges, but a slight dark stain may remain on the skin's surface. The improvement, needless to say, is tremendous.

In the course of our investigations, we checked with our own medical consultant and found that a number of health factors may figure in the problem of hefty legs. Puffiness, for instance, can be caused by an excessive quantity of salt in one's diet or by low thyroid function, which, among women, is reasonably common. Even a very slightly depressed thyroid (say, with a basal metabolism of minus ten) can induce mild swelling of the legs, which disappears with the intake of thyroid extract. Occasionally, women who have no real physical faults do, nevertheless, have puffy-looking legs, especially in hot weather. Physicians sometimes prescribe for this condition the use of a simple diuretic two or three days a week.

Both salon experts and medical men advocate glowingly that position which has won feminine acclaim as the "beauty angle"—feet elevated in a forty-five degree slant, hips elevated slightly by a cushion. The reason this helps, it seems, is gravity; by reversing the pull, circulation is stirred up and extra fluid retained in the body flows away from the legs. Sleeping on a mattress pitched somewhat higher at the foot of the bed has a similar effect.

Exercise, a word we have scattered languidly throughout these lines, works out to a rather less languid routine of thirty minutes a day for fast-action leg reducing. Since gravity figures here, too, most leg exercises should be done lying down, and actually many are satisfyingly simple—exercises most women have known about for years. Example: the bicycle, which should be done lying first on the right side, then the left, then flat on back, supporting hips with hands. One exercise wizard carries this a step farther by having his pupils do the last part lying on a board tipped to the beauty angle.

Two equally simple exer-

cises are the scissors kick (done lying down first on one side, then on the other) and the double hip-spunk. To do the spunk: lie flat on the floor, hands extended to the sides, bend knees up. Roll, slapping outer thigh against the floor—first on one side, then the other, touching the outer knee to the floor each time. Thighs, naturally, benefit most from such action.

For calves with an extra layer of flesh, there is this incredibly simple, rather pleasant slapping exercise: sit upright on floor, supporting yourself by placing the palms of your hands flat on the floor in back of you. By bending the knees up in quick succession, slap the fleshy part of the lower leg smartly against the floor. Simple, what?

While you're down there, you might go on to a little ankle and knee work. Lie back, extend one leg into the upper air. Rotate at the knee, circling down on the outside, up on the inside. Then, with the leg straight up, circle the ankle the same way. Obviously, as with all exercises, the idea is to increase the number of circles each day. Knee-action of this type is especially valuable for women whose legs have a tendency to "pillar" at the knees; circling, especially when it is supplemented by massage, brings back the slightly indented look at the knees that goes with shapely legs.

Calves, ankles, and the fatty pads that sometimes crop up on the inner knees usually improve with this exercise as well: Lie flat on the floor, forcing the small of the back against the floor. Point toes; stretch. Slide arms along the floor until they are stretched straight above the head. Curl toes up (meanwhile inhaling) and push down with heels. Exhale, and revert to original position. Point toe on right foot, curling left toe up at the same time. Reverse. Then repeat the whole sequence from the beginning.

If all this seems pretty routine, and you still feel the need of a little thigh work, there's the rocking chair exercise. Sit upright in a straight chair, feet on floor. Extend one foot straight out; flex at the knee. Holding

(Continued on page 150)

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RED-SHOE RED

The following is a list of additional shops across the country where
 the red shoes, the new stockings on pages 88-91 may be found



- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Los Angeles, Calif. | Bullock's |
| St. Louis, Mo. | Famous-Barr |
| 2. Chicago, Ill. | Chas. A. Stevens |
| Washington, D. C. | Woodward & Lothrop |
| 3. Cleveland, Ohio | The Wm. Taylor Co. |
| Denver, Colo. | Gano-Downs |
| 4. Denver, Colo. | Neusteter's |
| St. Louis, Mo. | Stix, Baer & Fuller |
| 6. Boston, Mass. | Filene's |
| Los Angeles, Calif. | The May Co. |
| 7. Indianapolis, Ind. | Wm. H. Block |
| Portland, Ore. | Meier & Frank |



- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Boston, Mass. | Guild House |
| 2. Atlanta, Ga. | Rich's |
| Indianapolis, Ind. | Wm. H. Block |
| 3. Boston, Mass. | Guild House |
| St. Louis, Mo. | Famous-Barr |
| 4. Houston, Tex. | Sakowitz |
| 6. Baltimore, Md. | Hutzler's |
| Buffalo, N. Y. | L. L. Berger |
| 10. Buffalo, N. Y. | L. L. Berger |
| 11. Salt Lake City, Utah | Makoff |
| San Antonio, Tex. | Frost Bros. |
| 13. Kansas City, Mo. | Harzfeld's |
| Washington, D. C. | Woodward & Lothrop |
| 14. St. Louis, Mo. | Stix, Baer & Fuller |
| 15. Los Angeles, Calif. | The Broadway |
| New Orleans, La. | D. H. Holmes |
| 16. Philadelphia, Pa. | Strawbridge & Clothier |
| Rochester, N. Y. | Sibley, Lindsay & Curr |

MEDITERRANEAN FLAVOUR

(Continued from page 141)

but a conversation piece as well.

The *loup de mer* is a sea bass of 2 or 3 pounds; when these are not in the market, a mullet can be substituted. In this country, a weakfish or a trout is excellent.

The fish is first broiled, then placed on a bed of dried fennel stalks on a fireproof serving platter. A half cup of warmed brandy ignited and poured over it in turn ignites the fennel stalks, which in burning impart a delicious flavour to the fish. Lastly, squeeze a lemon over it.

Swordfish broiled on spits

The Turkish style of spitting swordfish is excellent, and easy to do on a back-yard grill. Small cubes cut from a swordfish steak are marinated in olive oil, lemon juice, paprika, several bay leaves, and a pinch of salt. Impaled on spits and, separated by fresh or soaked dried bay leaves, the cubes are broiled over glowing charcoal 10 to 15 minutes. Serve with a sauce of chopped parsley in olive oil and lemon juice, salted to taste.

Eastern styles of baking fish

While speaking of the Eastern end of the Mediterranean, it is worth looking at some of the local recipes. We once had an Azerbaijanian farm hand who had picked up, in his wandering, an Armenian way of baking fish. Boris would bake a large-sized mackerel, stuffed with chopped onions, carrots, thyme, and basil in a hot oven for about 20 minutes.

Greek Plaki

The Greeks bake a fish in a sauce that is really a kind of ragout, made by first browning onions, parsley, and tomatoes in olive oil, and then adding water and white wine. It is advisable to choose a fish large enough not to be overcooked in the hour's time it takes for the sauce to cook. In this country a drumfish, a sheepshead, or a striper will do. For a 10 pound fish, use 4 tablespoons of oil, 4 onions, 5 tablespoons tomato paste, $\frac{3}{4}$ quart of water, $\frac{3}{4}$ quart white wine. Cook down a little, then add plenty of parsley, very little salt, and no pepper. The fish and sauce are baked together in a medium oven.

Ulysses' swordfish

Coming up through the Strait of Messina we navigated

wine-dark waters famous from the earliest antiquity. Homer could almost replace the coastal pilot.

To the northward, the Strait narrows gradually till it suddenly opens out into the Tyrrhenian Sea. This narrowest passage is that bottleneck of ill-repute, guarded on either side by Scylla and Charybdis. On the Italian shore where the six-headed monster Scylla was supposed to have lived is a lookout station. The lookout man, when he sights a swordfish, calls directions to a little fleet of fishing boats. From antique times the fishermen have preserved a tradition that the swordfish has divine qualities, and must be hunted with respect. If the harpooner only wounds it, he is disgraced, and for twenty-four hours no one, ashore or afloat, is allowed to speak one word to him.

The recipe here for cooking swordfish probably also dates from the time of the Odyssey. The fish is sliced very thin and sautéed in olive oil. Towards the end of the cooking, chopped fresh herbs—chiefly parsley and basil—and spices are stirred in. Each fish slice is served on an individual plate, heaped high with herbs, like a green hill on an islet of pink sand. Cooked and served this way swordfish doesn't dry out.

Bouillabaisse

Much has been written on the controversial subject of preparing this dish far away from its home, Marseilles. The trouble comes not in finding the right variety of fish. On the spur of the moment I have found all the kinds needed right at the Fulton Street Market in New York.

The real problem is that this dish must be prepared rapidly and eaten immediately. It is strictly for a small group, willing to wait during the preparation. The very best bouillabaisse is the noon meal of Provençal fishermen, when the five- or six-man crew of a *pointu* pull up on the beach, hang a pot over a driftwood fire, and from their catch "*montent une bouillabaisse*."

In New York I use sea robins, and a very small blackfish, with a salt-water eel, a piece of haddock, a whiting, and a small flounder to complete the fish ingredients. Add any other fish, the more the merrier. A lobster, split

(Continued on page 146)

sunny lee

preps



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MEDITERRANEAN FLAVOUR

(Continued from page 145)

lengthwise, 2 crabs, along with a few mussels and clams, make up the shellfish department.

These are all cleaned and scaled. To serve six, 6 tablespoons of olive oil are heated in a pot to soften slightly a large finely chopped onion. Then 4 small tomatoes, 4 cut up potatoes, a piece of orange peel, and a bouquet of fennel, parsley, and bay leaf, are added. This mixture is heated, with a couple of cloves of garlic and 3 little round tubes of saffron stirred in. After a very short simmering, it is taken off the stove so that the fish may be marinated in it for 15 minutes. The fish are then removed to be put back again in the following order: first the mussels and clams, next the crabs and lobster, then the eel, cut into pieces. Boiling water is poured on to cover the fish, and the pot put over the very highest flame. After 3 minutes the other fish are put on top, the small ones even later.

The reason for this order and positioning is to leave only the tougher, stronger fish down in that furious bubbling water, while the more delicate ones may steam intact above. The pot is covered, and the bouillabaisse cooked for just 17 minutes in all. This is perhaps the only fish dish that must be boiled hard.

As soon as the *bouillabaisse* is done, remove the fish, stir in a jigger of Pernod, and pour the broth over toasted garlic bread, for the soup course. The fish is the second course of the meal.

The saffron is trickier than the fish. The usual dark red shreds, the dried stigmas of the crocus flower, are sold in drug stores as well as in groceries, but have a poor colour and flavour. The right saffron is imported in a yellow orange powder form, produced painstakingly by hand from the Spanish saffron plant. In this country it can be found in small Italian and Spanish markets.

Aioli

This triumph of Provençal cookery is a mayonnaise highly seasoned with garlic.

Alexandre Stentos, our sailor from Sète, made a wonderful one. In a stone mortar he used a wooden pestle to crush several cloves of garlic into an egg yolk or two. A dash of salt and pepper went in; then stirring away with the pestle, he added olive oil little

by little, as for an ordinary mayonnaise.

If a substitute is necessary, the garlic may be crushed into a commercial mayonnaise, but it is inadvisable. It is better to use an electric mixer, and just add garlic to the usual recipe for mayonnaise.

With the *aioli* for sauce, any large fish may be used, preferably cod, poached carefully in a white wine court bouillon. Serve it hot with the cold *aioli* sauce in a side dish. The *aioli* sauce is also good with cold meats, especially mutton or pork.

Bourride

Once we lived on the upper floor of a very old building perched high on a rock over the sea. The vaulted cellar, dating back to the days of the Phocaeans held a pottery, where the potter was Serge Ramel. A descendant of the painter Ingres, Ramel was a walking repository of lore of the region, and of its cookery. Once in a while, but not too often, because the result is very rich, he would regale us with a *bourride*. First he made the *aioli* sauce described above. Then he would cut up pieces of the same kind of fish used in the bouillabaisse (cod, had-dock, porgies, or any fish at all will do) into a pot of cold white wine and court bouillon with orange peel added, brought it to a boil, removed the fish after they were cooked, simmered the court bouillon a little longer, and then strained it.

One egg yolk for each person was broken into a casserole, and 1 tablespoon of the *aioli* sauce for each person was mixed in. Then over a very low flame, stirring all the while, he poured in the broth bit by bit, till it thickened, but without ever boiling.

The *bourride* was eaten just like a bouillabaisse. I wish I could eat it again as we did in those days on our sun-drenched terrace looking over the Bay of the Angels towards the Alps.

Anchoiade

Put a little of this anchovy butter on a bit of Melba toast and you have a canapé to go with cocktails or an *apéritif*. On a large size piece of toasted bread, *anchoiade* makes a pretty generous *casse-croûte*, often used at mid-morning to supplement the European Spartan breakfast.

To make it, take tinned filleted anchovies with the olive oil in which they are packed, chop them up with crushed garlic (½ clove for each 2-oz. tin), basil, and a dash of vinegar to the consistency you like. Cut the bottom off of a stale loaf of French bread, brush over with olive oil, spread with the anchoiade, and toast.

A more filling one, wedding the flavour of anchovies with that of fruit, consists in splitting rolls, filling them with the above mixture, to which are added chopped onions, walnuts, figs, tarragon, fennel, orégano, and whole black olives, and a dash of lemon juice. Close this all up and bake.

Bluefish and scallops au gratin

This autumn, out at the end of Long Island, one day came in with a brisk northeaster blowing and a hint of worse to come. It seemed to us that the end of the bluefish season was at hand, so we put out for one last try around Montauk Point and back along the fishing grounds off the sea beaches. Before the rising seas made trolling impossible, we had, indeed, boated a nice mess, and back at Three Mile Harbor in East Hampton, we were fortunate to get a pint of those famous little bay scallops off our own beach.

Instead of having broiled blues, or fried scallops in tartare sauce, we combined the two. A cleaned and filleted bluefish (4 pounds cleaned) was poached in a white wine court bouillon, the scallops lightly sautéed in butter for 5 minutes with sliced mushrooms and a dash of garlic salt. A baking dish was lined with the fish fillets; the scallops and mushrooms were mixed with a cup of lightly fried bread crumbs and put on top. Then a white roux was prepared from 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons flour. When smooth, it was removed from the fire and an egg yolk, ⅓ cup sour cream, ¼ cup dry white wine, pepper and salt to taste were mixed in. This was poured over the fish and scallops. Some grated Swiss cheese topped all, and it was put into the oven to brown.

Dwellers by the Middle Sea are devotees of garlic, and it is natural to find they use it in most of their dishes. The more garlic is cooked, the less are its after effects, but even if this were not so, along with an ever-growing company of fellow countrymen I repeat, "*Pour vous, c'est une odeur; pour nous, c'est un parfum.*"

SYNDICATE SHOOT

(Continued from page 100) birds rather than hunting (which requires stamina, long, rough walking, and often in the case of pheasant, running up of game), the syndicate supplies a sporting day or weekend of certain and safe pheasant shooting—and a bird limit which is established at the discretion of the syndicate.

Its basis is a carefully-devised ground plan, a set of shooting rules for procedure and safety, and the know-how of releasing the bird by hand from an *elevated* point. (If the pheasant is flushed off the ground, it is apt—because of its slow starting characteristics—to react rather too much like a two-plate dinner on wings to suit the taste of the connoisseur shot.) The PRSS takes the place of the European drive which involves as many as twenty beaters whose objective is to drive the birds high over the trees to the guns stationed in a line across the line of flight, either on the edge

of the wood or in a swath cut out in the woods. The result is the same—providing, of course, that the hand-released bird is released far enough from the circle of guns to allow it to gain height and full speed before coming within range. Indeed, under PRSS, the combination of a clever bird-handler and a high release point produces a hard, high, and sporting target.

As for the PRSS ground plan: the release point should be a conical hill approximately one hundred and fifty feet high and seven hundred yards around the base. The guns should be stationed around the base in numbered stands or blinds roughly seventy yards apart in order to give the birds a fair chance and to avoid stealing by neighbouring guns. At best, the stands at a PRSS are completely concealed one from the other, either by the natural conformation of the ground, or by middle-distance screening. Such screening does away with

the possibility of a gun taking a chance on following through on a low bird and, as a result, peppering a neighbouring gun. Protestations to the contrary, without this safeguard, neighbour-peppering is an ever-present hazard wherever driven shooting takes place. The hill or tower (the latter, a substitute for the natural hill), with two or three trained bird-handlers hired by the day, takes the place of the complex European arrangement which requires numerous keepers and beaters. Under PRSS, birds are bought from a reliable game farm (of which there are quite a few), and two or three seasoned retrievers are required for the pick-up.

As the average flight of a pheasant is about two hundred and fifty yards, with the release point in the centre, a total area of approximately three hundred acres is all that is required for the complete Syndicate set-up. Under this plan, with thirty to forty birds contributed by each gun, and three or four birds flown at a time, the shoot can produce for the enthusiast a good replica of the famous European original.

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BEHIND THE CURTAIN

(Continued from page 111)

ya Square, and walked back along the route, looking, without much hope, for a possible point of entry. When I reached my hotel, beside which the route passed, I almost gave up trying; it was nearly one o'clock and I hadn't had any breakfast. But I decided to persevere, and immediately saw my chance: a diversion had been caused, just beyond the Metropole, by a tipsy group of marchers—many had been celebrating all night—who had knocked over their float, which represented the Sputniks. The world was in the gutter. Eight or nine militiamen had left their posts to restore order, and were making wholesale arrests. Summoning all my courage, I slipped through the gap they'd left, and found myself among a singing group of workers from a Moscow power station.

I was in; but still a long, long way from Red Square—a mile or more, I should imagine—and the parade moved terribly slowly. I felt sure I would be discovered if I stayed with the same unit, since someone, sooner or later, would spot the stranger in their midst. I therefore ambled from one group to another, looking as vague and inconspicuous as possible, but not feeling inconspicuous at all, associating myself in turn with a collective farm, a factory, and a coal mine, to judge from the placards they were carrying, and with various other organizations which I could not readily identify. Everyone was in holiday mood, and I tried to grin happily, but then I would see someone looking at me, and would have to move on quickly. My first really bad moment came as we entered Manezhnaya Square. A fellow-marcher, suddenly, questioned me in Russian. I grinned back benevolently without speaking, but he angrily persisted, and I thought with a sinking feeling, it's all over. However I looked him straight in the eyes and said, "Tovarich Irelanski." (This, I discovered later, very nearly *does* mean "Irish Comrade"—but not quite.) He paused a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and tapped his head as though to indicate that I was certainly insane; I quietly faded behind him and joined a different group.

As we approached and entered Red Square, excitement mounted, my own apprehensions grew likewise, and security pre-

cautions were redoubled. Dozens of army officers, in very impressive uniforms, were waiting at the entry to the square to scrutinize each marcher. Somehow I sneaked by, looking the other way. I had thus reached Red Square anyhow, with only a couple of hundred yards to my ultimate objective. We were advancing in six columns, each column eight or ten abreast; in Red Square itself, between each column, back-to-back every yard or two, were lines of N.K.V.D.-men, in plain clothes with scarlet arm bands, who never took their eyes off us—Russians at their very worst. I put on my most nonchalant air and sauntered past as though I owned the place. With every painful step, my objective was getting nearer, and indeed, by now, I could see Khrushchev on the saluting base. Still I couldn't believe that my luck would hold; and my heart, at this moment, dropped into my unpolished shoes, when a man in a black hat, who had been eyeing me, as I thought, suspiciously, grasped me by the arm and said suddenly in English, "You're English."

I felt certain all was up with me. My reaction was automatic and at the same time ridiculous. I said, "No, I'm not. I'm from Ireland." It was perhaps the worst reply that I could possibly have made, because Ireland is violently anti-Communist and does not so much as recognize the Soviet Union. To my amazement, Mr. Black Hat welcomed me as a friend; he taught English in a Moscow secondary school, he told me, and was marching with his pupils, by whom he was surrounded. "Your capital—let me see now—is Reykjavik," he said. I wondered whether to leave him with his delusion, but somehow I couldn't stomach it, and in any case my knowledge of Iceland is limited. "Ah, Ireland! Dublin—James Joyce—Shaw," he exclaimed when I corrected him. Then, grasping my hand, "You also, in Ireland, had your Uprising and Revolution. We are comrades." I at once tactfully agreed, with certain mental reservations.

One of his young pupils, a round-faced, pink-cheeked girl of fifteen or sixteen, now thrust laughingly into my hand the red banner she had been carrying. Things, I felt, were going a little far, but all I could do was accept it. I marched on through Red Square, a capitalistic landowner

at the heart of Communism's most intimate, esoteric party, my own red flag bravely fluttering over me.

Slogans were being shouted over amplifiers every minute, followed by great cheers in which I felt obliged to join. My schoolteacher, from this point, translated them for me. "They said, 'Long live Soviet women,'" he informed me, as everyone, myself included, applauded wildly. "And now they say, 'Long live the collective farmers,'" he went on. I could only cheer again, as I thought of Killegar, my very uncollective farm in far-off Catholic Ireland.

Infinitely slowly, since everyone dallied in front of the saluting-base, we came abreast of the leaders. Khrushchev, Bulganin, Gromyko, Mikoyan, Malinovsky—all were there to salute me, together with the smaller fry. And having reached my destination, I didn't mind what happened to me; I decided to take a chance and, handing back the banner, pulled out my camera from underneath my overcoat and took a quick shot of the mausoleum. An N.K.V.D.-man pounced on me, but he was half-a-second too late; he nearly knocked the camera from my hands, but I managed to hold on to it. I was expecting arrest or worse, but got away, to my surprise and relief, with a very severe reprimand, to which I listened, inevitably, with the silence of a penitent. The picture came out fine.

Once past the saluting base, we moved on quickly across the square, towards St. Basil's Cathedral with its many twisted domes. (Here an improvident youth tried to leave the procession; he was seized by a militiaman and flung back into it bodily.) And so I reached Moscow River, where the parade officially disbanded; I faded away silently, and walked back to my hotel.

It remained to interview Khrushchev, and I made various inquiries through various official channels, without any sign of success. After all, it was as though an ordinary Russian tourist, if such a thing existed, were trying to get an interview with Eisenhower in Washington (and yet, come to think of it, he might very well succeed). For me, there was really only one hope: I knew that Comrade Khrushchev liked a party, and went from time to time to diplomatic receptions where, under the benign influence of vodka and French champagne, he sometimes became communicative. In the week after the parade, with

the help of the British Embassy, I got hold of invitations to three such functions, given by the Abyssinian, the Belgian, and the Canadian Ambassadors; I consumed quantities of caviar and vodka, but Khrushchev never showed. The evening before I was due to leave Moscow, it was the turn of the Egyptians; it seemed a likely reception for Khrushchev to attend, and at the same time, since there is no diplomatic representation between Britain and Egypt, it was the most difficult one for me.

I arranged to go with John Bryson, a Texas-born cameraman in Moscow for Time-Life on a tourist visa like mine, with whom I had been going the rounds. John had acquired an invitation and permission to take pictures; I was to be there as his assistant. My crumpled suit had been pressed, I wore a clean white shirt and a jazzy tie. We planned to go to the ballet—"Romeo and Juliet" at the Bolshoi—if we drew blank. There was a big crowd of onlookers when our taxi dropped us at the Embassy, and rows of black Zis limousines, and several dozen militiamen, all of which made us think the big guns might be inside. We told the taxi to wait and walked right in. John, checking his coat at the door, knocked over a tray of drinks, which fell in a cataract of glass and ice over an ornate sofa laden with mink wraps; it didn't seem to matter.

Although we had thus attracted attention to ourselves, no one asked for invitations or identification of any kind; a smiling Egyptian diplomat was waiting to receive guests, and John, bristling with cameras, confidently proffered a hand, said, "Bryson," and went on ahead into the crowded suite of reception rooms. I followed him almost as confidently, proffered a hand, said, "Kilbracken" in what I hoped was an American accent, and went in too. And there, in a corner, but immediately very visible, was my quarry, Khrushchev, looking just like all his pictures, in a dark blue suit, with a pale-yellow shirt and a yellow tie with small red spots, happily sipping champagne and speaking through his interpreter to the Japanese Ambassador.

They were all there that evening; glancing around the room, I saw all the familiar faces which I had last seen on the saluting-base, from Bulganin to Malinovsky. John started shooting and, when the Ambassador had finished, I tactfully drew aside the

interpreter—a young man in a grey suit, who spoke English like an Englishman, with a trace of a Cockney accent.

"May I speak to Mr. Khrushchev?" I asked without identifying myself.

"There's no harm in trying."

"Tell him I would like to meet a great proletarian leader."

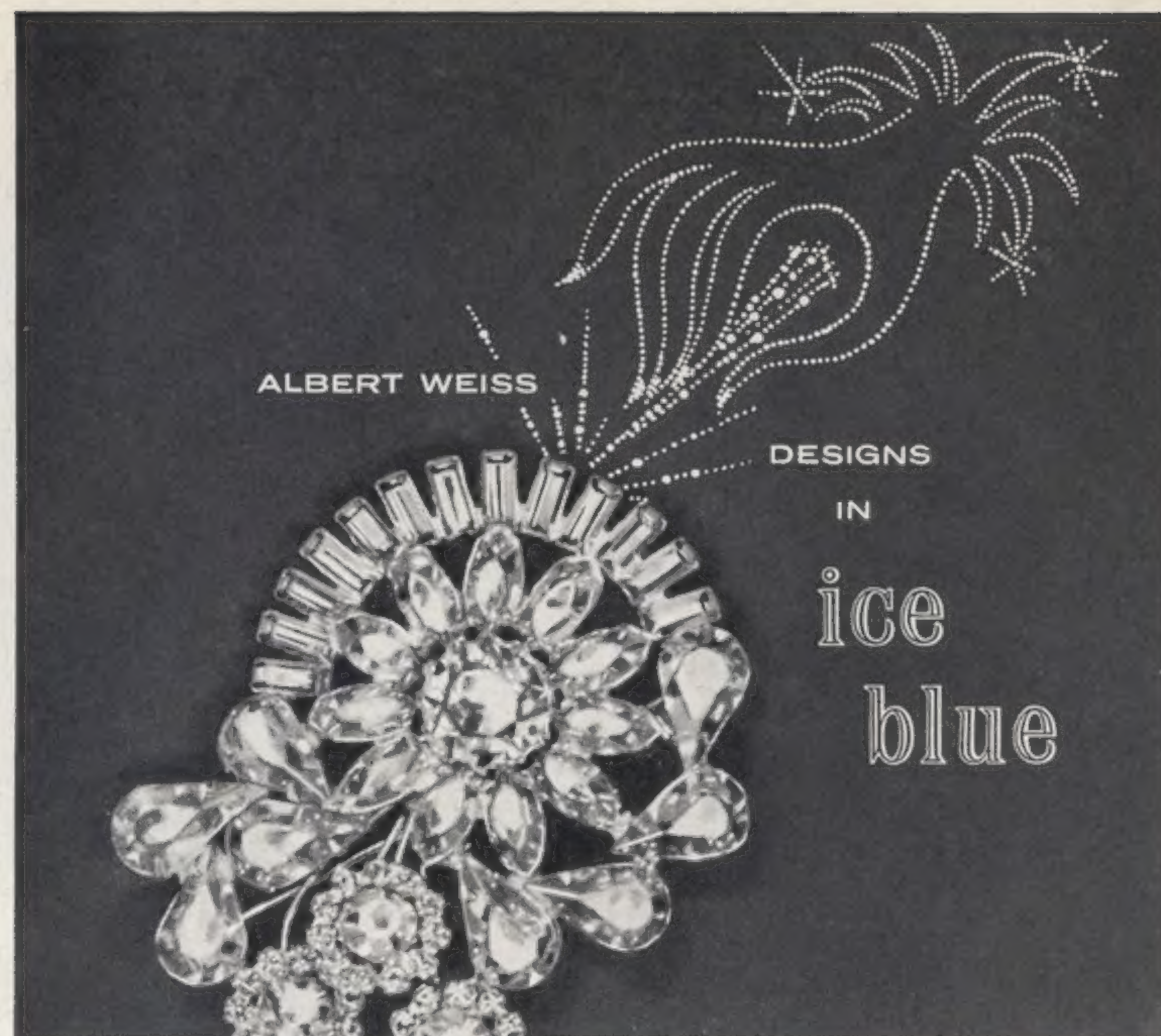
The interpreter made his only mistake of the evening. He thought I wanted to be a great proletarian leader, which is very far from being the case. As he translated, or rather mistranslated, a crowd began to gather to watch the fun. Khrushchev listened carefully, eyed me, gave a wrinkly smile, and said a dozen words in Russian.

"He says it is a most praiseworthy ambition—but maybe you haven't the strength," the interpreter informed me, with a malicious little smile as though he had scored a point.

Everyone roared with laughter as I carefully explained the mistake, adding that I had no ambitions at all in the direction he had suggested. The crowd around us grew; I was there without an invitation, no one knew who I was or why I was there, and yet I was being pressed literally belly to belly with Khrushchev, who joined heartily in the laughter when the interpreter explained, extracted a pudgy hand, and shook mine warmly.

"Excuse me. He is very happy to meet you," said the interpreter.

I spoke to him for fifteen minutes, and we covered plenty of ground—Zhukov ("He's on leave, hunting."); the Sputniks ("I'd like to go to the moon, but I haven't the time."); the British Empire, intercontinental rockets; relations with America ("We would welcome Eisenhower and Dulles as dear friends.")—while John took pictures busily. The interview was taken down verbatim by the half-dozen foreign correspondents present, and sent out by them that evening without once naming me. I read later that Mr. Khrushchev had spoken to "Western newsmen," and in fairness I must admit that three questions, out of twenty or so, had been put to him by others. I didn't really mind, though. I'd come to Moscow with two specific objectives, and now, on the eve of my departure, I'd duly achieved both of them, even if I didn't manage to get to "Romeo and Juliet" that night.



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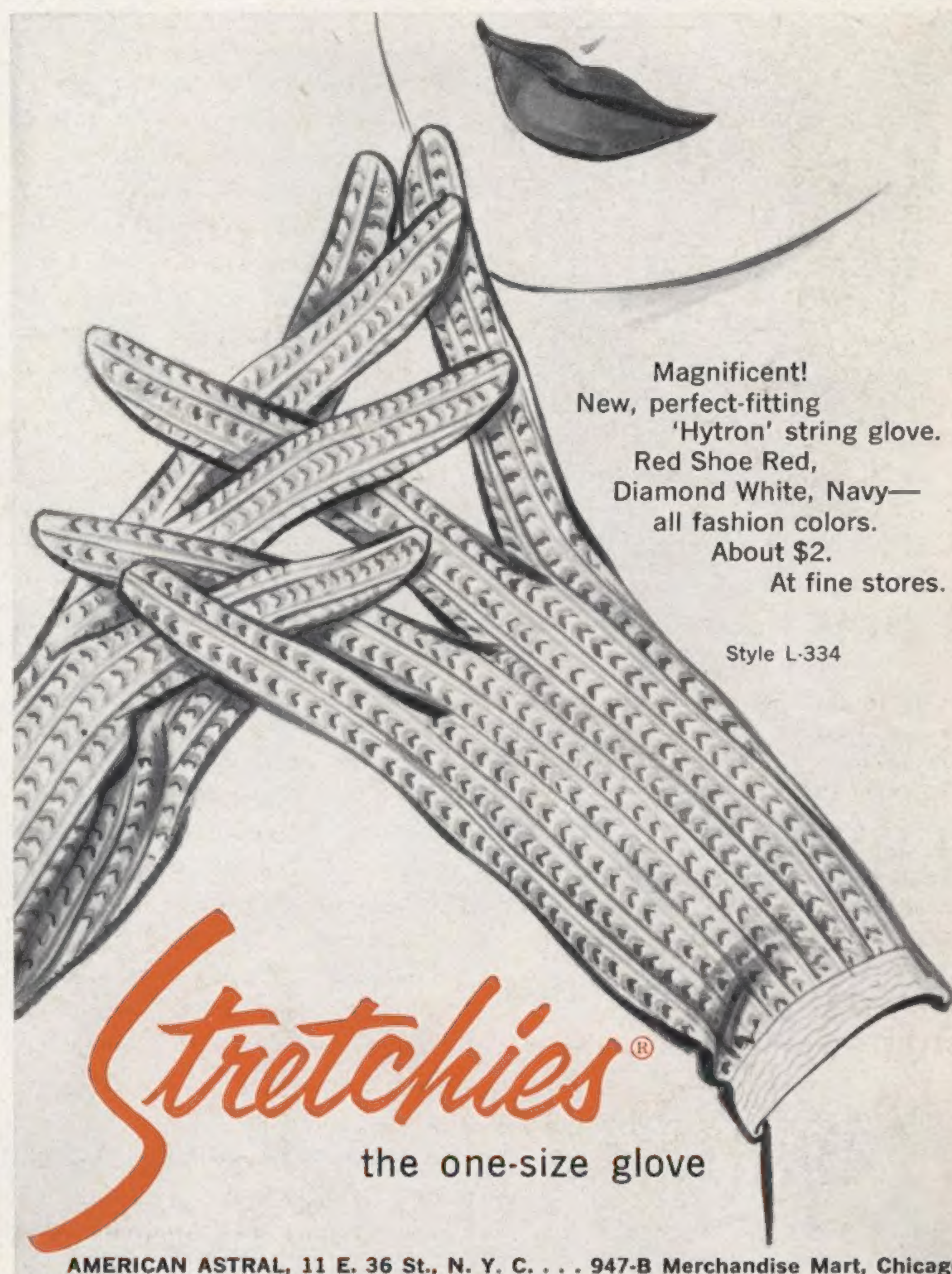
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HOW TO HAVE VERY GOOD LEGS

(Continued from page 143)

arms out straight in front of you, rock forward, rising out of the chair, and landing firmly forward on the foot of the flexed leg. Rock back into the chair, and do the same thing with the other leg.

Aside from the reducing potential involved in all these exercises, the toning properties of daily muscle action are more than slightly desirable; a leg with tone, even if it is not show-girl willowy, looks about seventy-five per cent better than a flabby leg. Finally—and this, too, is an old and true story—standing properly, walking with an erect and limber stride will do more to keep the legs trim than any other single factor.

"Bird legs," the spindly too-thin variety, also, curiously enough, respond to exercise. The difference is that you aim to de-

velop muscles rather than simply exert them. One of the simplest ways is riding a bicycle.

If your legs rate now anywhere from pass-in-a-crowd to frankly terrific there is certainly no reason for not playing them up to look better. In any year, and especially in this year of short, leg-showing skirts, be careful not to wear shoes a size too small; it shows adversely in the contours of the leg and can be detected both by the camera and the naked eye. (We have this on authority of pure gold from a fashion editor who checks the models' shoe sizes for every picture.)

Finally, at the risk of sounding like a news photographer whose beat is meeting ocean liners, sit with legs neatly crossed. It's ever so much more alluring.



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